The Outlook

SEPTEMBER 28, 1921

AMERICAN FOOD IN RUSSIA

NO sooner had Secretary Hoover obtained a satisfactory written agreement from the Soviet Government than American food was started on its way. A recent despatch from Riga stated that twenty-five thousand tons of food had been forwarded from Riga to Moscow—enough, it is said, to feed a million children for three weeks—and this is only a beginning. News has come also of the starting of an American relief train from Moscow for Kazan with rations for twenty-five thousand children for a month; others will follow. Dr. Vernon C. Kellogg and Colonel William N. Haskell are now in Moscow to represent the American Relief Association; both are experienced men to whom relief methods are familiar; the work could not be in better hands.

A singular development of the Russian relief situation is that the Soviets cannot trust their own officials even in humane work. Several arrests have been made of members of the Russian Famine Relief Committee on the charge that the Committee was plotting to overthrow the Soviet Government under the cloak of carrying on relief work. No wonder that Russian officials welcome American superintendence for the task of feeding starving Russians.

On the other hand, there are indications that the common people of Russia in places not famine-stricken are nobly aiding the suffering; workingmen have contributed money generously from their pay; poor families support children brought from the devastated region; peasants in fairly prosperous places are giving their surplus crops—thus, a million pounds of potatoes were sent by the peasants of Jaroslav, and in return for this, their entire surplus, they asked for no money, only for salt and old clothes. Inspiring stories of this kind are common. There is nothing the matter with the people of Russia; some day they will throw off the incubus of fantastic theories and of politicians upheld by a hireling army.

AMERICAN DELEGATES AT THE ARMS CONFERENCE

THE OUTLOOK has already told of the appointment of two of the American delegates to the approaching arms council at Washington—namely, Mr. Hughes and Mr. Lodge. It is now announced that the delegation will be limited to four members, the other two being ex-Secretary of State Elihu Root, of New York, and United States Senator Oscar W. Underwood, of Alabama.

No announcement, we believe, could give greater confidence to our citizens, and to the citizens of other countries as well, than does the invitation to Mr. Root to accept membership in the American delegation, for no one, we think, represents greater intellectual competency for membership. He has had the advantage of great service to his country as Secretary of War, Secretary of State, and United States Senator. Aside from his general qualifications, he knows intimately about the inner workings of our Army, for it was he who created its General Staff and organized its War College. He has participated in important arbitrations, and during his tenure as Secretary of State the famous Root-Takahira Agreement was negotiated with Japan. As Japan will doubtless be the leading subject of discussion at the Conference, Mr. Root's impression of the Japanese is interesting in the light of his experience. Some time ago he said: "For many years I was very familiar with our department of foreign affairs, and for some years I was specially concerned in its operation. . . . During all that period there was never a moment when the Government of Japan was not frank, sincere, friendly."

(C) Keystone

DR. NANSEN, THE FAMOUS EXPLORER, WHO IS IN CHARGE OF AN INTERNATIONAL SCHEME FOR THE RELIEF OF RUSSIA

Dr. Nansen is shown as he is arriving in London to assume his duties. At the right is Miss E. Jebb, honorable secretary of the Save the Children Fund

President Harding has been well advised in choosing as a fourth member of the American delegation a statesman from the Democratic opposition. Certainly Senator Underwood should be that member. He is the leader of the Democratic minority, he enjoys the respect and confidence of members of Congress irrespective of party, and he has a broad grasp of affairs, National and international.

PROGRAMMES FOR THE ARMS CONFERENCE

RUMOR regarding the programmes at the Arms Conference seems now giving place to reality.

If the Conference must discuss Shantung, the Japanese Government proposes to have its position on that subject thoroughly understood. Accordingly the text of Japan's proposals as to China has been published. The chief point of interest in them is that Japan proposes to keep her hands on the Shantung railways and mines.

Again, as to general principles to be laid down for the Pacific, Japan considers two proposals as basic—first, that no Power should possess forces sufficient to secure a decisive victory over any other Power, and hence all should reduce armaments in the same degree; second, that "the Powers concerned shall not establish any naval base or make any arrangement to serve as naval bases for their navies in the Pacific." It may be noted that nothing is said about increase or decrease of present strength in existing naval bases.

On our side, Secretary of State Hughes, in behalf of our Government, has submitted to the Powers concerned some suggestions for topics for discussion. It is understood that among these topics are:

The "Open Door" and equal opportunity for economic activities.

The possibility of trusteeship among the Powers for Russia and China.

Revision of customs tariffs so as to allow more equitable revenues.

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Abolition of provisional taxes.

Reformation of the currency.

Modern civil and criminal courts.

Spheres of influence and leased territories.

Fortifications.

Neutralization of certain areas.

There are of course many other topics for discussion. The above list, it is understood, embodies suggestions merely. But they are interesting as showing what our Government has in mind.

THE ELECTION OF JOHN BASSETT MOORE

THE League of Nations has now elected the members of the Court of International Justice. To us Americans the chief interest in this election is the fact that a citizen of the United States has been chosen for the new bench, despite the fact that our Government has not ratified the world court project sent to it a year ago. This project is the work of Elihu Root. He would without doubt have been elected a judge of the new Court had he permitted the use of his name. When his declination was received, those who wished to see an American member united in the nomination of John Bassett Moore. He has emphatically the judicial temper. He has been repeatedly Assistant Secretary of State; he is Professor of International Law at Columbia University and a member of the Permanent Court erected by the Hague Peace Conference. Mr. Moore is the author of many works on international law which have given him wide reputation and authority. He will doubtless represent this country with advantage.

Among the other judges chosen were the Englishman Viscount Finlay, the Frenchman Charles André Weiss, the Italian Dionisio Anzilotti, and the Brazilian Ruy Barbosa. When the eleven jurists had been elected, it was seen that, as representing the English law system as against the Spanish codes, the members were two to three. Moreover, only a minority of the judges chosen were men of judicial experience. Nevertheless all the men have reputations as international jurists or experts.

CONGRESS HELPS THE FARMER

IF the present Congress has so far favored one class of producers more than another, it is the agricultural class.

Primarily for the benefit of this class Congress has passed the following bills, now law:

(1) The Emergency Tariff Act, increasing duties on agricultural products.

(2) The Packer Act, regulating inter-State and foreign commerce in live stock and its products.

(3) The "Futures" Act, taxing contracts for the sale of grain for future delivery and options for such contracts; also providing for the regulation of boards of trade.

(C) Clinedinst

JOHN BASSETT MOORE

(4) The acts amending the Farm Loan Law; one increasing the amount in the depository privilege of the Treasury in Federal Land Banks, and one increasing the maximum rates of interest which Farm Loan Bonds may bear.

(5) The Farm Credits Act, which authorizes the War Finance Corporation to issue $1,500,000,000 in its own bonds and to lend $1,000,000,000 for financing agricultural exports.

(6) In addition, each branch of Congress has now passed a Good Roads Amendment, strengthening the present law by giving to the country a more far-reaching system, especially a "farm-to-market" system. This will directly benefit farmers and consumers. Its necessity will be the more appreciated when we realize that half of our perishable products are lost every year because of lack of roads to get them to market.

THE FEDERAL FARM LOAN SYSTEM

THE Federal Farm Loan system was established to relieve the farmer from hitherto extortionate rates of interest; as a result he is now able to borrow at not over 6 per cent, repaying the principal in small annual installments. The system has benefited over one hundred thousand farmers.

There are twelve Federal Land Banks. They are located in twelve districts. For instance, New England, New York, and New Jersey form one district and the bank is located at Springfield, Massachusetts. Oregon, Washington, Montana, and Idaho form another district and the bank is located at Spokane, Washington.

Suppose a farmer wants to borrow from one of them. He must join himself to nine or more other farmers in a "Farm Loan Association," through which the bank will accept a mortgage. When the Association wishes to secure a loan for any member, it subscribes to the bank's capital stock to the amount of one-twentieth of such loan. The result is that, of the present capital of the Land Banks, only a quarter is now held by the Federal Government; the remainder is held by the Farm Loan Associations.

Not only the farmer's land but the Associations' stock is also security for the loans.

Whenever an application for a loan is made, it can be approved only by a favorable report after an examination of the land in question. No loan may exceed half of the value of the land mortgaged.

The amount of loans to any one borrower may not exceed $10,000, or be less than $100.

On these loans the Land Banks are authorized to issue Farm Loan Bonds. There is no limitation on the amount which a Land Bank may issue except that it may not amount to more than twenty times the bank's paid-up capital. Of course, as this capital is automatically increased by one-twentieth of the amount of each loan made, the issuing power increases in the same proportion.

The Farm Loan Bonds are redeemable at par and are exempt from Federal, State, and Municipal taxation. They have justly enjoyed high repute.

THE REVIVAL OF THE HUSSITE FAITH

JOHN HUSS is still honored in Bohemia, where he was a Protestant martyr. A revival of the Hussite faith has followed Bohemia's release from Austrian rule. This is well described in a letter from the Rev. K. D. Miller, of the Presbyterian Board of Home Missions. He says:

> In the very heart of Europe an entire nation is turning from Rome and embracing the Protestant faith. Hundreds of thousands of people are affected by the Protestant revival. For the people of Hus, the Bohemians, now known to us as the Czechoslovaks, are discarding Rome as they have discarded the Hapsburgs.
>
> On June 21 of this year there was a very widespread observance in Czechoslovakia of the three hundredth anniversary of the execution of twenty-seven Bohemian Protestant noblemen by the Hapsburg Catholics. This event thus commemorated was perhaps the outstanding instance of

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LET THEM BE HUNTED SOUNDLY

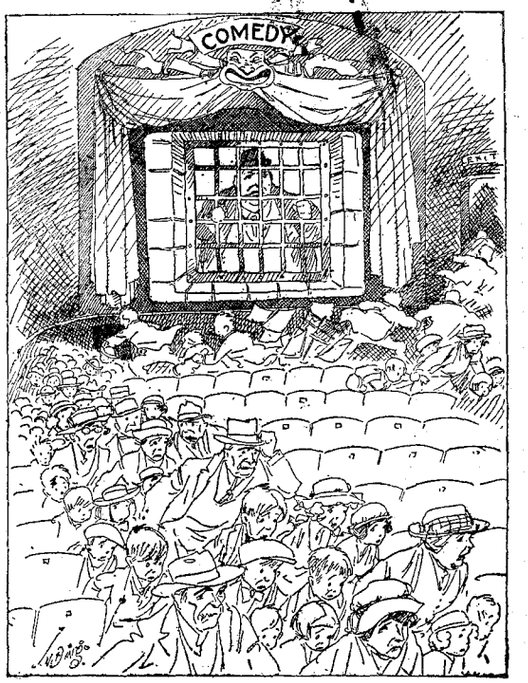
(Tempest, Act IV, Scene 1)

Ireland in the Columbus Dispatch

SPEAKING OF COLOR, THE PRIMITIVE RED MAN HAS MORE POINTS IN HIS FAVOR

From Mary Egger, Columbus, Ohio

Darling in the New York Tribune



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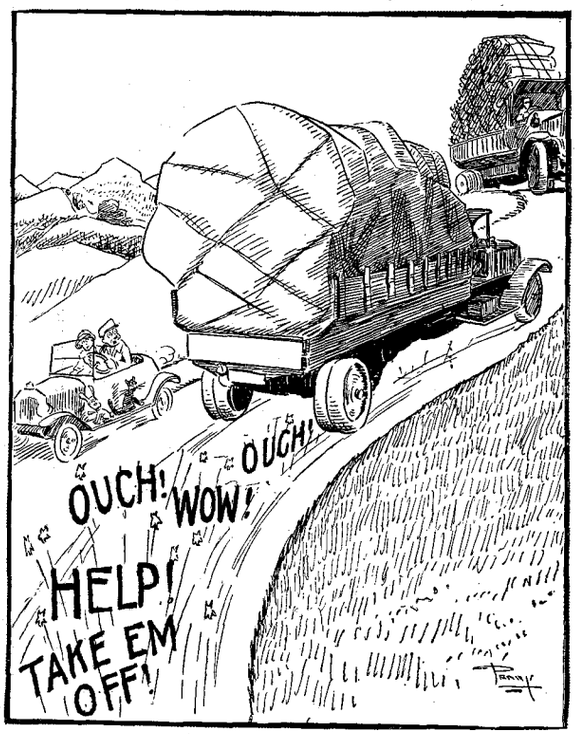
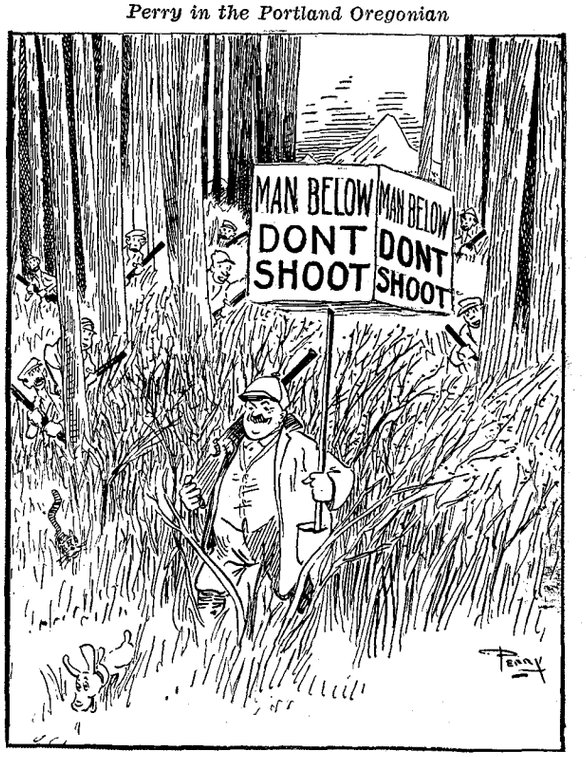
THE MOVIE PRODUCERS MAY TAKE THEIR CHOICE OF CLEANING HOUSE OR HAVING EMPTY ONES

Perry in the Portland Oregonian



WHAT SHALL WE DO WHEN WE HAVE NO HIGHWAYS LEFT?

Perry in the Portland Oregonian



SAFETY FIRST!

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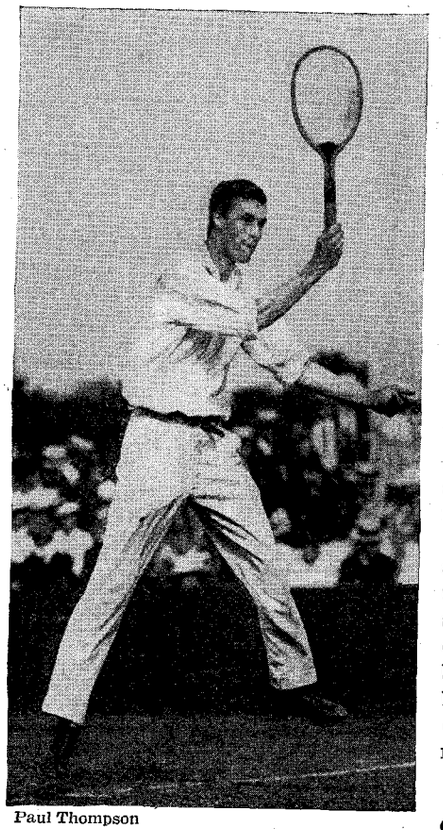
the severity of the persecutions and the magnitude of the sufferings visited upon the Bohemian nation because of their religious faith in the seventeenth century. Thousands attended a great open-air meeting in the old Town Square in Prague.

One result of the movement away from Rome has been the formation of a new Chrch, called the Czechoslovak National Church. This new ecclesiastical body, created in the first instance by the schism of a large number of former Roman priests, occupied a position between Protestantism and Catholicism. It retains the Catholic mode of worship with the national language substituted for Latin, but it rejects the authority of the Pope, permits the priests to marry, and stands for the open Bible. The church buildings which have been allotted to them, former Roman Catholic edifices, are open for Protestant services, and the most friendly relations exist between the leaders of this Church and the Protestant ministers. Eventually this Church will establish ecclesiastical affiliation either with the Greek Orthodox Church, to which most other Slav nations give adherence, or to the Protestant Church, to which their national traditions would incline them.

If this movement away from the Roman Catholic Church is as important and far-reaching as it appears from the report of the Rev. Mr. Miller, the present Hussite schism is one of the largest separatist revolts which the Roman Church has experienced in many years.

LIBERTY ON THE MISSION FIELD

THE relation of native churches in China to the American churches was the topic most discussed in the International Convention of Disciples of Christ at Winona Lake, Indiana, August 30 to September 4. This discussion and the issue of it may affect mission policy throughout the world, for the principles involved are fundamental to the success of the whole enterprise of making Christianity a world religion. Last year's Convention voted to instruct the Executive Committee of the United Christian Missionary Society to inquire into the faith and practice of certain missionaries. Those who would not assert themselves loyal to the faith and practice of American Disciples of Christ were told they ought to resign. The China mission sent back to this year's Convention the Rev. Frank Garrett, president of the mission, the man most under attack. He was questioned by theological conservatives before various committees and finally before the Convention itself. Though he made every effort to be conciliatory, there were moments when he stood at bay. In these moments he asserted that Chinese churches had no obligation to be loyal to the faith and practice of the Disciples of Christ, but only to the principles of



Paul Thompson

WILLIAM T. TILDEN

New Testament religion. He refused to promise that in the future the missionaries would not receive unimmersed Christians from other missions into full membership, although he asserted that this had seldom been done in the past. After a debate which ran through parts of several days, the Convention voted to accept the report of the Executive Committee of the American society, and the missionaries have their freedom.

The reports of the missionary work of the Disciples this year indicate that the merging of the various foreign mission, home mission, church building, and benevolent organizations into the United Christian Missionary Society has proved to be a great success. The reports this year for a nine-month period showed that the society had receipts of over two million dollars. The budget for next year is three million dollars. The practical efficiency of the merger has been demonstrated.

A unique feature of this year's Convention was the setting up of a doctrinal forum. The Convention possesses no authority to legislate on matters of doctrine, but this forum gave opportunity for free expression of opinion through two half-day sessions.

THE END OF A SUMMER OF SPORT

THE end of the summer of sport approaches. The amateur golf championship is under way as this issue of The Outlook goes to press. The tennis championship has been won again by William T. Tilden, who defeated his fellow-Philadelphian, Wallace F. Johnson, in the finals of the championship tournament at the Germantown Cricket Club. Tilden defeated Johnson in three straight sets by the score of 6–1, 6–3, 6–1. The first set was finished in a little over ten minutes and the third was completed in not much more than twelve.

In the world of professional sport the outstanding event is of course the final stage of the race for the baseball pennant in the two major leagues. In the National League the New York Giants have established a good lead. In the American League the New York Yankees and the Cleveland Indians are fighting a neck-and-neck race.

In late September there is sometimes a freshness in the morning air and in the landscape a hint of color from the swamp maples which foreshadow the day when golf club, tennis racket, and baseball bat will lose their place in public interest to the flying pigskin. The (poetic tradition to the contrary) *un*melancholy days are come.

OFF TO THE FAR SOUTH

THE QUEST, the little vessel on which Sir Ernest Shackleton has just started on a two years' voyage in Antarctic seas, is appropriately named. But what Sir Ernest Shackleton is seeking is not the imaginary location of the South Pole, which since Amundsen's voyage and discovery has ceased to be a matter of interest. The quest on which Shackleton and his crew are bent is one for knowledge. Among the things he wants to know are the exact position of a lost island, the extent of a certain petrified forest, the existence or non-existence of a natural under-the-water

Wide World Photos

SCOUTS ACCOMPANY SHACKLETON ON ANTARCTIC DASH

Patrol Leader Marr, aged 18, of Aberdeen, Scotland, and Patrol Leader Norman Mooney, aged 17, of Kirkwall, Orkneys, Scotland, are the two scouts chosen by Sir Edward Shackleton to accompany his forthcoming Antarctic expedition

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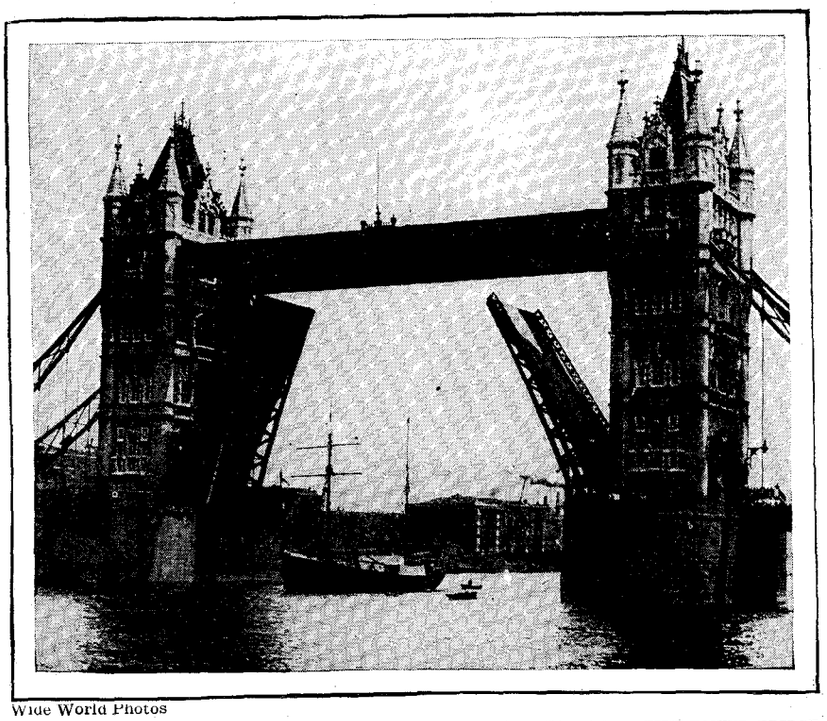

Wide World Photos

SIR ERNEST SHACKLETON'S VESSEL, THE QUEST, PASSING UNDER THE TOWER BRIDGE, LONDON

connection between Africa and America, and the depth of the water over the great ocean plateau which surrounds Gough's Island.

The explorer's curiosity about these things was aroused in some of his earlier voyages. The problems are certainly of interest, not only geographically but for the extension of our ideas about animal life and natural history in the Far South. The petrified forest, for instance, has already been visited by Shackleton, when he sailed with Captain Scott over twelve years ago; Gough's Island was visited years ago by another expedition, and is said to have several species of unclassified bird and animal life; Tuanaki, the so-called "lost island," was described in ancient ship records, but has not been seen for very many years, and apparently it has sunk beneath the surface. Its exact former position is known and Sir Ernest will endeavor by dredging and sounding to discover the recently submerged land.

The Quest was built for Shackleton and is marvelously well equipped for precisely the kind of exploration intended. It will probably sail thirty thousand miles or more before it returns to England. The Quest is only 111 feet long and 25 feet beam. She has wireless, is provided both with steam-engine and sails, and carries an airplane which in a way will supply the place usually taken in polar expeditions by dogs and sledges. Another original feature of the expedition is that Sir Ernest is taking with him as cabin boys two Boy Scouts who were chosen from many and to whom the voyage will be a splendid experience.

A POOR DIET FOR TIGERS

TIGERS of the Tammany variety have frequently grown fat on the dissensions of their opponents. It begins to look as though this year the Tammany tiger was in for slim pickings of this particular variety of food.

In the municipal primaries for the New York Mayoralty nomination the candidates on the Republican ticket who had been indorsed by Fusionists and Independent Democrats swept the field. Henry H. Curran, who headed the Fusion ticket, received nearly twice as many votes as his three opponents taken together. The fact that Curran is an organization Republican does not seem to have been the deciding factor in the vote, for a Democrat, Vincent Gilroy, Fusion candidate for President of the Board of Aldermen, beat his Republican rival, who made his appeal for the nomination on strictly partisan grounds, with emphatic decisiveness.

Mr. Bennett, one of the candidates for the nomination for Mayor, will be remembered as the man who carried the Republican primaries against John Purroy Mitchel four years ago, thereby contributing towards Mitchel's defeat and the costly triumph of Tammany Hall. Either the voters have learned a lesson in the past four years or the introduction of one new factor has materially altered the complexion of municipal politics in New York. This year Mr. Bennett, far from securing the nomination, received less than four per cent of the total number of votes. There are those who attribute this phenomenon in part, at least, to woman suffrage.

There is another encouraging side to the recent primary. Not only are the opponents of Tammany united, but Tammany itself seems to have an internal squabble of some size upon its hands—or should we say claws? Too much comfort, however, should not be drawn from this fact by the friends of good government. Tammany is seldom disunited on the one day of the year when unity counts most. That is the day when the polls are open.

NATIONALISM AND DISARMAMENT

THE international conference which meets at Washington on November 11 will be watched and listened to with absorbed interest by the entire civilized world. It is popularly called a conference on disarmament, but that is a misnomer. It is a conference on the limitation of armaments. No thoughtful man, however peace-loving he may be or however much he may abhor violence and bloodshed, can suppose for a moment that at this stage of civilization it is possible for the nations to abolish their armies and scrap their navies by a stroke of the pen. But every thoughtful man is aware that the enormous growth of modern armies and navies is an intolerable burden on the taxpayer and that such armies and navies are a terribly dangerous weapon in the hands of misguided or unscrupulous nationalism.

In the early frontier days every American on the edge of the wilderness or in new pioneer territory carried a weapon—the lovers of justice and order to defend themselves and their families, the lawless and criminal to attack and rob others. It was found by experience that arms carried in this way did not protect the just nor restrain the vicious. Some kind of co-operation and united action was necessary. Vigilance committees were formed. Out of them by a process of evolution police systems grew and laws were enacted regulating the carrying and use of arms. In civilized communities to-day the citizen does not carry a revolver for protection; he carries a tax bill. He does not ask that all automatic pistols and repeating rifles shall be destroyed, but that the function of using them for the protection of the community shall be exercised by small bodies of picked men—the city police, the State police, the militia. An almost universal system of law and order and limitation of armament has thus

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been established *between individuals* in the community.

But in international relationships we appear to be still in the frontier stage. A good many otherwise reasonable men seem to think that each nation should arm itself with the best obtainable automatic gun and be ready at any moment to rush behind barricaded doors for fear that some other bad nation may be on the point of coming in on a gallop to shoot up the town.

We have been living in that frame of mind and in that kind of international relationship for a good many years, and it resulted in the World War. The Washington Conference is a kind of international vigilance committee called together for the purpose of seeing whether some system cannot be devised by which the nations may do their sorely needed agricultural, economic, industrial, and intellectual work without having to rush to cover or pull a gun at every unfamiliar noise.

For these reasons, which we have tried to present in a somewhat homely analogy, the Washington Conference may prove to be a momentous step in the development of right relationships between nations—a more momentous occasion indeed than the so-called Peace Conference at Paris. There the delegates came together almost directly from the battlefield. The passions, the hatreds, the ambitions, the fears, the sense of unforgivable injustice, the spirit of revenge engendered by war, were rife. At Washington there will be a calmer temper, a more reasonable frame of mind. At Paris there was always present the picture of a definite, terrible, and almost victorious enemy. At Washington the picture will be of a world suffering from economic chaos and even starvation.

President Harding was wise in refusing to limit beforehand the topics which the Conference may legitimately discuss. The Conference should be left free to discuss anything of an international character except as it chooses to put limitations upon itself by its own action. If it succeeds at all, it will inevitably be a peace conference, for disarmament must follow peace, not precede and prepare for it. Peace is the cause of disarmament, not disarmament the cause of peace. The world will not be at peace until the nations learn to live together in right relationships.

And so we expect that the codification of international law, the establishment of an international court of justice, the development of an international public opinion in support of that court, will be subjects discussed by the Washington Conference with as much interest as the relative number of battleships which each nation should be permitted to build.

There are some who look with suspicion on such an undertaking as that proposed by the Washington Conference because they think it is going to cut the nerve of nationalism. They believe, and rightly, that national loyalty, national pride, ambition for national progress, the preservation of national characteristics and customs and manners, are desirable; they feel, and properly, that a citizen of the world is no citizen at all. But are they right in supposing that a strong spirit of national independence and a just spirit of international co-operation are incompatible? We think they are not right in such a belief.

A sound world community should be made of strong nations, as a sound village community is made of strong families. Theodore Roosevelt used to say that a man who professes to love another family as much as his own is likely to prove an undesirable citizen. On the other hand, wherever you find a community made up of families that protect, preserve, perpetuate, and develop themselves ardently while respecting the rights of others and co-operating with others for the common welfare, there you will find a community worth living in.

A few months ago, in an address before the Head Masters' Association, Mr. Wilford Aiken, of the Scarborough School, defined the right spirit of nationalism in words which may well be borne in mind in connection with the Washington Conference.

"Civilization," he said, "has no more potent force within it than nationality. The spirit of nationality may become an irresistible element of destruction or it may become civilization's most powerful means of orderly progress. Nationality dwells in the hearts and minds of men. It is a sentiment, and if that sentiment becomes towards other nations little, mean, suspicious, distrustful, aggressive, revengeful, the principle of nationality becomes a menace to the world and makes for the destruction of civilization. But if that spiritual principle, that rich legacy of memory, that tradition to which patriotic feeling clings, is composed, not of gloryings over others defeated nor of resentments against others victorious, but of those splendid sacrifices and great achievements which glorify the pages of the history of every great people and constitute their peculiar contribution to the spiritual heritage of mankind, the spirit of nationality makes for the healing of the nations and the blessing of the race. This is fundamentally a matter of education. Whether the spirit of nationality shall become an agency of destruction or an instrument of healing and blessing depends, in large measure, upon the educators of the world."

AROUND THE CORNER

"DESPITE Schopenhauer, who went insane, I prefer being with the right kind of people to being alone," said the Young-Old Philosopher. "I have always thought that if that stupid man had got about more he might have saved his reason. He upholds the joys of solitude—almost a monkish withdrawal from one's fellows. He seemed terribly afraid that he might become contaminated by other human beings. I can think of no more tragic state of mind; and I have always pitied the people who could not 'scrape up an acquaintance.' I am not holding a brief for the over-loquacious type of man who speaks to anybody and everybody without a good reason, and who makes of himself a bore and a pest. But surely there is a middle ground where one can show himself honorably interested in a train companion's personality and learn something in the bargain. If, after opening a quiet conversation with a fellow-traveler, you discover that it is not going to be worth while, there is always the casual book on one's lap as a means of exit. There is no more need to try indefinitely to extract something from somebody who does not interest one than there is to wade through a tome after you have tested several pages. It was Wilde who pointed out the folly of this procedure, saying wittily that it was as futile as drinking the entire cask of wine when one sip would give the flavor.

"But the grubby person who is afraid to be sociable does not know how much he misses. The run of humanity is the repository of something you ought to know: there is unexpected knowledge hidden in the heads of scrubwomen and factory workers; there is wisdom in the humblest clerk if you only have the wit and intelligence to extract it; there is humor in every cab-driver I ever met; and policemen and servants are wise beyond belief—they have heard and seen more than you and I will ever hear and see. One of my best friends, I am proud and happy to say, is a barber—and yet he has never shaved me. Maybe that is the reason he is still my friend! We got acquainted crossing a ferry once upon a time, and he comes to see me whenever he is in my vicinity. He is the best husband and father in the world, and has been a prize-fighter, a miner, a traveler, a chauffeur, and at one time a drunkard. He is what the world would call uneducated; yet I venture to say that he has given me more

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pleasant hours than cultured but pedantic college professors. He has a keen love of nature—it was a little gasp that came from him at sight of the green shore opposite us which brought about our friendship—and he can write most engaging letters, somewhat misspelled though they are. He is almost clairvoyant in his judgments of people; and now that he is always sober there are few men I would more greatly trust. I am not saying this in any spirit of patronage; I am honest when I say that I am very proud indeed that there is in me the capacity to reach out and find in this man what a hundred other people would never discover.

"Men like my barber are not limited to any one locality—that goes without saying—and the possibility of knowing them is open to us all. How do you know who is just around the corner? Just as romance may lurk there, so delectable friendships may also be hidden and waiting beyond the next crossing. A ride in a trolley car once brought to my attention a charming old lady who had left her purse at home. All of us offered to pay her fare—who wouldn't?—after the impossible young conductor wanted to throw her off. Because I happened to be nearest her it was my privilege to help her out; and to-day she is one of my most treasured friends. Suppose one is unobserving, uninterested in one's neighbors. When such a situation occurs, he has lost a rare chance. Of course the argument would be that such a person never realizes what he loses; but that does not minimize his loss. A deaf, dumb, and blind person is not to be pitied less because he is unconscious of the thrilling world that might have belonged to him as well as to you and me."

UNEMPLOYMENT

THE sensational performance of Ledoux, called "Mr. Zero of the Church of the Unemployed," in "selling," at Boston, unemployed men on the auction block may have had a good effect in awakening public consciousness to the needs of workless men. This is what Ledoux himself declares was his sole object. It has also stirred up discussion as to the broad aspects of the unemployment question. In New York City Ledoux was rightly prevented from repeating his "slave sale," and his mere appearance led to disturbances which benefited nobody.

One obvious suggestion is that what is needed is not maudlin sentimentalism or the public exhibition of despondent men, but every possible public preparation to sift the honest men who can't find work from the professional tramps and panhandlers. The latter class, as the cold weather draws near, always flock to the cities and fill the municipal lodging-houses to overflowing, and often to the exclusion of men in real temporary distress. In New York Ledoux has found, he says, men sleeping in the parks who didn't even know that there were such things as municipal lodging-houses or industrial aid societies or labor bureaus. More effective and intelligent ways of getting the men who want work in touch with possible employers are needed. A fuller realization is desirable, too, of the fact that unemployment must not be dealt with too locally. Labor should be led to the places where it is desired. The United States Department for Labor, for instance, last year sent nearly sixty thousand men to places where farm labor was needed and kept them moving north as the season advanced.

There are indications that there has been exaggeration as to the unemployment danger. A recent statement by Secretary Davis, of the Labor Department, that there are 5,735,000 unemployed to-day excited alarm; later he explained that this was to be compared with the 7,000,000 unemployed of 1914, and that the number of those who are shifting jobs or dropping from pay-rolls for normal reasons is always very large. As hopeful signs Secretary Davis pointed out indications of recovery of certain industries and the fact that $500,000,000 is now available about the country in the form of bonds already issued or appropriated by State, county, and municipal governments for public works.

In 1920 there were 18,000,000 or 20,000,000 wage-earners; the ratio of workers to non-workers was for the whole year in excess of many previous years, as was also the average of wages. Now, with falling prices of necessities, wages are also falling. There has been a rather general willingness, also, among wage-earners to accept reduction. Thus the New York longshoremen are reported as we write to have accepted a twenty-two per cent reduction and the Chicago building trades appear to have accepted peacefully the large wage reduction involved in Judge Landis's arbitral decision. It is always disagreeable to have one's pay reduced, but wages and prices must go down together as they have gone up together. Deflation must follow inflation. It is a healthy sign that, despite some industrial losses and shut-downs, our National Labor Department reports that the number of open quarrels between labor and capital is decreasing, and that out of a hundred cases it has handled seventy-five were settled without a strike through mediation and conciliation.

President Harding has named the thirty-eight members of a Committee on Unemployment Conditions, and its sessions are to begin at once. Its membership includes Secretary Hoover and Secretary Davis, Mr. E. E. Clark, formerly of the Inter-State Commerce Commission, Samuel Gompers, J. L. Lewis, C. P. Neill, W. M. Leiserson of Rochester, Mayor Couzens of Detroit, Julius H. Barnes of Duluth, C. M. Schwab, Arthur Woods, Miss Ida Tarbell, and many other men and women well known as students of industrial matters or of prominence in the business world. The object of the conference as stated by President Harding is "to inquire into the volume and distribution of unemployment, to advise upon emergency measures that can be properly taken by employers, local authorities, and civic bodies, and to consider such measures as would tend to give impulse to the recovery of business and commerce to normal."

It will seek remedies as well as investigate facts, and its report should be of value.

Meanwhile the public will do well to avoid sensationalists and alarmists. There are no labor slaves in this free country. What can be done by public or private means to bring honest work and fair pay together should be done.

BANDYING PHRASES OVER THE IRISH CRISIS

THE long exchange of notes, explanations, and would-be ultimatums between Lloyd George and Mr. De Valera reminds one of the time in this country when we all called for fewer notes and more action. Every one understands perfectly that Mr. De Valera and his followers hold that Ireland not only should be, but is, a nation. Every one understands equally well that the English Prime Minister has neither the authority nor the desire to admit this as a fact nor to accept it as a basis of negotiations in the proposed conference.

The one important question at this stage of the negotiations is whether the radical majority in southern Ireland, whose representative Mr. De Valera is, are willing to consider something else than absolute independence. Would they be willing to accept from Great Britain some form of Dominion government which would put Ireland on nearly, if not quite, the same standing as regards its relation to Great Britain that Canada has? A recent cartoon in London "Punch" shows the shade of Parnell saying to De Valera: "I suppose I loved my country at least as well as you

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do; but I should have been satisfied with half that offer." Just what the terms of the settlement would be the conference itself would debate. Neither the people of Ireland as a whole nor the people in Southern Ireland in particular have had an opportunity of expressing themselves on this vital question. The votes of the past to which De Valera refers so often were mere expressions of an ideal longing for an Irish republic; they did not apply to the present situation.

If De Valera and the other leaders of his faction are not willing to debate the Dominion question, why the long correspondence and quibbling? Nothing has been more certain from the beginning than that the British Parliament and people would not now consent to disseverment of the Empire. Many weeks ago, when the negotiations began, The Outlook declared that if De Valera did not at heart recognize the fact that an Irish republic was impossible, his agreement to discuss terms was futile.

In any ordinary government the safety-valve, when such an *impasse* arises, is the resignation of the Premier and the forming of a new Cabinet; but with such a phantom government as that of the so-called Irish Republic this method does not seem to apply, although there are indications that many Irishmen who want peace and prosperity would gladly see another man take up the negotiations.

De Valera's recent telegraphic reply was in answer to Lloyd George's clear and sharp declaration that Great Britain could not accept a conference which would involve official recognition of the severance of Ireland from the Empire. It would be doing just that if he arranged a conference without rejecting the claim in De Valera's former letter that Ireland "has formally declared its independence and recognizes itself as a sovereign state," especially as that claim was followed by the statement that it was only "as representatives of that state and as its chosen guardians that we have any authority or power to act on behalf of our people." Previously both sides had agreed that the principle of the consent of the governed should apply to Ireland; De Valera had said in effect that the doctrine of absolute independence might at least be "self-expressed" or "self-recognized." This certainly seemed to open a way to a meeting-ground, and would have done so had not De Valera in other parts of the letter spoiled his proposal by the clauses above quoted. It is no wonder that Lloyd George wrote in response with some feeling that the great concessions already offered should have met more generous response and that there was still an attempt to involve Great Britain in an acknowledgment which would leave Ireland free to break off negotiations and even conceivably to enter as an independent state into negotiations with some other foreign Power. "You have not come to meet us," he said, "by a single step."

Again De Valera in his telegram of September 19 combined, as one correspondent says, a conciliatory statement with a bellicose statement. Nothing could sound more sensible than his admission that it would be unreasonable to expect Lloyd George to recognize the Irish Republic and equally unreasonable that the Sinn Fein should surrender its position as to nationality. If he had stopped here, the "treaty of accommodation" he hoped for could certainly go on. But once more his old contention creeps out in his reference to "the two nations" and his assertion that "preliminary conditions [meaning doubtless the stipulation that recognition of independence should not be the basis of the conference] would involve the surrender of our whole position."

Thus the matter stands. It is rather remarkable that public opinion still strongly believes that the conference will meet. The reason is evident: a very large part of the Irish people sees that its utmost ideals cannot be obtained at this moment and knows that such a wide measure of home rule or self-government as is in sight would be infinitely preferable to the horrors and cruelties of the guerrilla warfare that has been going on in Ireland. Assassination of policemen, the "driving," as it is called, of cattle, the destruction of creameries and co-operative farms, the reprisals by some of the governmental forces and by friends of those who have been shot or robbed—all these things may recommence if the present attempt at compromise and conciliation falls to the ground.

Such a result is almost unthinkable. No one desires it, and most people would go far to avert such an unhappy issue.

KNOLL PAPERS

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

AN INSPIRING LIFE

FAME is a shadow. The shadow depends not on the size of the man, but on the place where he happens to stand; not upon the light within him, but upon the light which falls upon him. This simple but oft-forgotten truth is illustrated by the life of Joel Asaph Allen.

He was as truly called to the ministry of science as was Martin Luther or John Wesley to the ministry of religion. Born in 1838, upon a farm near Springfield, Massachusetts, from his earliest childhood interest in nature and desire to probe her secrets and understand her meaning and her message was with him a passion. He writes in his autobiographical notes that "dandelions and daisies and other wild flowers were early attractions, the profuse gathering of which at an early age led my elders, and particularly my mother, to predict that when the toddling youngster grew up he would favor the profession of medicine, and I was often facetiously dubbed 'Dr. Sykes,' in allusion to our then family physician, an herb doctor of local reputation." Whence came this extraordinary passion? Not from his father, who did not understand him, but who happily did nothing directly to discourage him; and not from his mother, who did not understand him, but did sympathize with him and by her sympathy did much to encourage and develop the boy's eager love of nature, though she did not comprehend it. It is one of the tragedies of life that so many mothers fail to realize their power to promote, one might almost say to create, a genius in the little child which needs only the warmth of sympathizing love to bear rich fruit in later manhood.

The boy was needed on the farm, for in those days "the services of boys of even six and seven years were considered too valuable for farm work to be sacrificed in summer for school purposes." The boy was too conscientious and too fond of his father to neglect his farm duties, and too passionately devoted to his chosen studies to neglect nature's laboratory. The result was overwork, the ill effects of which he carried with him throughout his life. At the age of thirteen his father gave him a gun, which became an instrument for acquiring bird specimens for study. "Warblers, vireos, kinglets, sparrows, and many other kinds of birds were shot, measured, weighed, described, and given provisional names in my notebooks, so that I might again recognize them when met with, long before I knew that books had been written about them and that they all had names, Latin as well as English. I even made attempts to draw and color them, but en-

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tire lack of instruction in the work led only to failure and disappointment."

If his father did not appreciate the path the son was traveling, some of his teachers did. When at the academy it became his duty to offer a composition, he offered a summary of his weather journal for the previous three months, and this his wise teacher offered to the "New England Farmer," which published it without change—a new incentive to the growing ambition of the young naturalist. By 1861—he was then twenty-three years of age—he had collected and mounted some three hundred birds, representing nearly one hundred species, besides specimens of mammals, reptiles, fishes, mollusks, and insects; had written a series of note-books containing descriptions of unusual atmospheric phenomena; and had created a little museum which occupied a small room allotted to him in his home for that purpose. This museum finally gave him means which enabled him to devote himself wholly to his chosen studies. The Wilbraham Academy purchased it, and this purchase gave him the means to enter the Lawrence Scientific School at Cambridge under Agassiz.

We cannot further follow the life of this developing student. It would be interesting, if I had space here, to contrast his enthusiasm as a member of the Agassiz expedition in Brazil in 1865 with the conscientious endeavor of William James to create in himself an interest in that same expedition, which he had mistakenly joined. When from a special excursion which young Allen took he returned to his associates, eight animals were necessary for the transportation of his collections. Nothing could abate his scientific enthusiasm—neither the difficulties of his task, the perils of his adventures in the South American forest, the intensity of the heat, his frequent disappointments and occasional failures, his ill health, nor later an almost fatal ending to his expedition owing to a storm at sea. On his trip to New England the ship was driven by a furious gale out of its course, it leaked, the food supply got short, and the attempt to make Bermuda as a port of refuge failed; but no sooner did the imperiled vessel reach the harbor of St. Thomas than the young naturalist was ashore adding a collection of natural history specimens to those which he was carrying north from Brazil. Later collecting expeditions followed to the Middle West, to East Florida, to the Great Plains and the Rocky Mountains and to the Yellowstone. But his study of mammals had not included a study of himself, and in 1882 his overwork was followed by a nervous breakdown from which recovery was exceedingly slow. In fact, his ambition for work always exceeded his physical capacity.

When in 1885 he became curator of the "Department of Ornithology and Mammalogy at the American Museum of Natural History in New York, the collection of mammals consisted of about 1,000 mounted skins and 300 mounted skeletons" and the collection of birds of about 10,000 mounted skins and several hundred mounted skeletons. These constituted the beginning of an admirable exhibition collection, but there was practically no provision for or incentive to expert study. Twenty years later, under Dr. Allen's general supervision, the Museum had not only increased its exhibitions, but also had developed a study collection of great scientific value, and the scientific staff of the Department had been increased from a single assistant in 1888 to six assistants in 1915, besides stenographic and other staff office assistants.

JOEL ASAPH ALLEN

In the meantime Dr. Allen had become a voluminous scientific author of recognized authority. The bibliography attached to his autobiographical notes, with its accompanying indices, covers over one hundred and fifty pages, and includes publications varying in size from scientific monographs of a few pages to some volumes of considerable size, these publications dealing not only with mammals, birds, and reptiles, but to a limited extent with biography and illustrations of evolution.

At the very quiet funeral held on September 1 at Cornwall-on-Hudson, where Dr. Allen had gone for a greatly needed summer rest, and where he died, there were present a number of his associates, including some eminent scientists. And in his brief and simple address Mr. Frank M. Chapman, the famous writer on birds, told us that the staff of the Natural History Museum, pervaded by the spirit of its leader, was regarded by all its members as a family bound together by mutual respect and mutual affection. The secret of this, Mr. Allen's unconscious power to inspire his associates and fellow-workers, he has himself expressed in his autobiographical notes:

> As a fact of possibly some psychological interest I may here briefly revert to a handicap with which probably few called to public functions have had, at least in equal degree, to contend. From early boyhood I was painfully embarrassed in the presence of strangers. Later in life attempts to present papers verbally before scientific societies were always unsatisfactory and often failures, not from lack of familiarity with the details of the subject but from embarrassment. The same timidity prohibited my seriously considering teaching as a possible means of raising funds to aid in meeting the expenses of an education, or of giving public lectures for the same purpose, as many of my associates at the Agassiz Museum were doing, with both pleasure and profit. The ordeal of an examination for a degree at the Lawrence Scientific School at Harvard was sufficient to banish all aspiration for such honors. This in part, perhaps, led to a feeling of disrespect for this sort of a label, and to the belief that any worthy accomplishment would, sooner or later, receive due recognition. My wants were simple and inexpensive; all I aspired to was opportunity for scientific research, believing that diligence, singleness of purpose, and honest work would bring its own reward. I was content to follow my own lines of dominating interest to such limit as the circumstances of earning a living would permit. I never had any desire for money as such, nor any interest whatever in financial projects, nor any longing for honors beyond those my colleagues in science saw fit to impose.

I do not think I have ever read a more delightful interpretation of Christ's saying, "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow," than that furnished by this life of devotion, and I have written this simple sketch that the readers of The Outlook may share with me the inspiration which the story of that life and the testimony of Mr. Allen's friends has given to me.

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RUSSIAN TRIBULATIONS

Wide World Photos

THE THIRD INTERNATIONALE ASSEMBLING IN MOSCOW

This photograph, which was taken, it is stated, by the official photographer of the Bolshevik Government, shows the Red Army near the walls of the Kremlin, the ancient stronghold of Czarism, now the citadel of the Revolution. The Third *Internationale* is reported to have favored a world revolution to advance the cause of Bolshevism—and thus to bring Russia's tribulations upon all countries. This parade was held in the square before the tower of the Kremlin, whose chimes, it is said, now twice a day peal forth "The Internationale," the national hymn of the Bolsheviki

(C) Keystone

THE BREAD LINE IN FAMINE-STRICKEN RUSSIA

This group of people waiting for a dole of bread to keep themselves and their families from starvation is part of a line a mile long, so we are informed. The failure of the harvest, together with the economic troubles due to the inefficiency of the Bolshevist administration, has brought famine to millions of Russian peasants, already hard hit by the devastation of war

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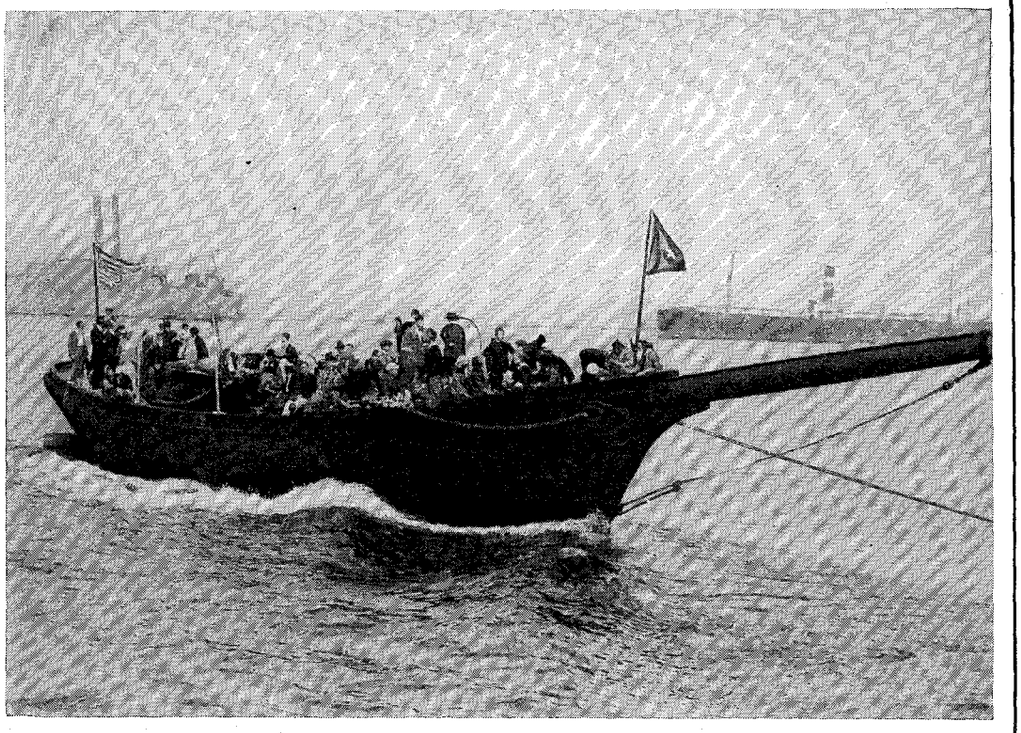
AMERICAN AMUSEMENTS

THE FAMOUS YACHT AMERICA, THE FIRST WINNER OF AN INTERNATIONAL YACHT RACE, LEAVING BOSTON FOR ANNAPOLIS

This well-known yacht, which crossed the Atlantic under her own sail in 1851 and won the celebrated trophy that is known by her name from a fleet of English yachts, has been partly dismantled and will be stationed at Annapolis as a memorial of Yankee sportsmanship. Young members of the Pleon Yacht Club of Marblehead, Massachusetts, acted as the crew on part of the voyage



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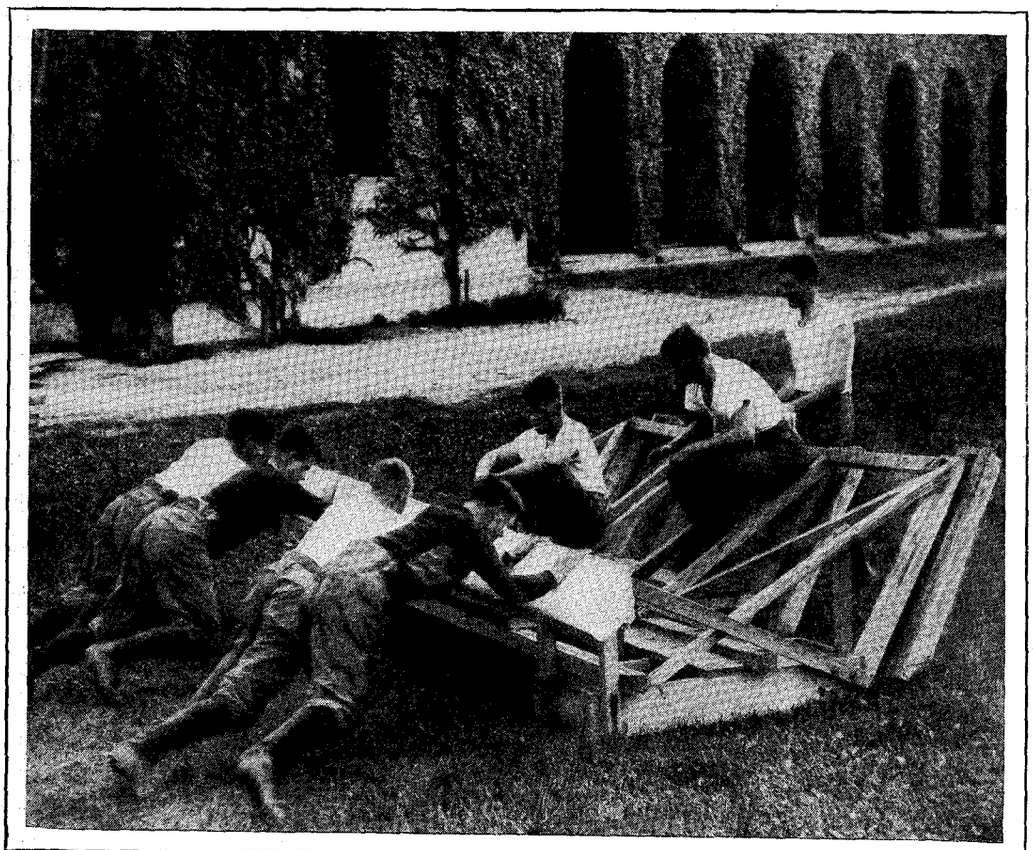

Underwood

THE FOOTBALL SEASON BEGINS—HARVARD'S FOOTBALL TEAM IN PRACTICE

Candidates for the "H" at football are here seen pushing the bucking machine around the field, in order to develop leg and back strength for the "stone wall" defense. Aids of this sort to help in practice work are now commonly used by many colleges and universities

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I SHALL NOT MIND

BY MARION COUTHOUY SMITH

DEATH, imminent angel,—turn your face to view!
Why should I shrink, in silence and amaze,
From the clear moonlight of your tranquil gaze?
Come, and sit near me; let me jest with you.
We should know joy, as rare companions do,
For you will call me, on some day of days,
And we shall go through blackness to the blaze
Of those stupendous suns beyond the blue.

Your lips are passionless, and set like stone,
Holding your secret; and I plead in vain
For friendly answer, though your eyes be kind;
I, who would make you glad, must laugh alone.
—And yet I know that when I see you plain,
And feel your rigorous touch, I shall not mind.

PREPARING COLLEGE WOMEN FOR JOURNALISM

BY BURGES JOHNSON

ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH, VASSAR COLLEGE

WRITING under a certain title is difficult if neither writer nor reader knows just what the title means. "Journalism" is an elastic word to-day. It would be difficult to list here all of those occupations of a journalistic sort that are now open to women. First of all is newspaper work: as reporter, as department or column conductor, as editor, as publisher, or as special writer for single papers or for news syndicates. Then there is work in publishing houses and in magazine offices, not only of those magazines which are known to the general public, but of that much greater number of trade publications and house organs. Then comes employment in the publicity departments of commercial houses, of public welfare and charitable organizations; and, lastly, the journalistic side of advertising, with its varied opportunities.

I have arranged this classification in what I believe to be the reverse order of opportunity. In other words, the openings for young women college graduates in newspaper offices seem to be relatively fewest, and in advertising relatively greatest. A woman in a newspaper office is a luxury. This fact is not hard to explain, and it conveys no disparagement of her journalistic ability. The average paper to-day must work with the smallest possible staff. There are some news stories and many special articles that an able young woman can do better than any one else; there are a few that only she can secure. But there are a great many assignments that cannot be allotted to her. For this reason she is a luxury, first to go under financial stress, last to be employed as conditions improve. She cannot, as a rule, look forward to promotion to a desk. There are women city editors, but if I claimed that there were five altogether in the United States I could not prove it. Newspaper men have cited to me the successful city editorship of certain women as evidence that conditions may change. I assume that that is true, but this article is not concerned with prophecy. In the offices of general publishing houses young college women are getting to be the rule rather than the exception. Such work is at the small end of my list simply because there are not very many general publishing houses. It is a limited industry. Not only are the houses few in number, but even the greatest of them carries a small staff. The average publisher is not his own printer. He must have assistance for the reading of manuscripts, preparation of copy and proof-reading, the preparing of regular advertising, and that hybrid material known as "literary gossip;" and he must have business assistance, where the tasks are no more journalistic than one would find in a shoe factory. Educational houses operate with larger staffs; but the increase is applied to preparation of circularizing material, which might be called journalistic, and salesmanship, which is not.

In the field of general magazines the opportunity is also limited, because they, too, are comparatively few in number and operate with a small office force. But college women are in most of their offices. As for trade papers and "house organs," here is a field that is suddenly discovering the existence of the young woman college graduate, even before she has discovered the existence of the trade paper. There are thousands of them, well established and commercially successful, with an aggregate circulation far larger than that of news-stand periodicals, and the opportunity for young women in their editorial offices is rapidly becoming great; these doors are just opening.

The word "publicity" arouses a variety of emotions. With its half-brother, propaganda, it stands for some of the worst abuses of present-day journalism. It has done more to poison our press than any other single influence, and yet its structure is reared upon sound foundations of legitimate demand and honest supply. The young woman college graduate is writing reams of material weekly under this head, and writing it well. She was doing such work before the war, but our National war-time organizations sent out a hurry call which she met with such effectiveness that her place in this work is now well established. Those war-time activities are not yet over, if we consider organizations for the relief of Old World distress, and the increased activities of the Red Cross, the "Y's," and all the rest. In addition there is every sort of local enterprise for public service and welfare, and every sort of local charity, established along efficient business lines and demanding skilled handling of its publicity problem.

Perhaps I have no right to classify advertising as journalistic. This field

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has opened its gates wide to the young college woman. The advertising agency has found that it needs her for certain specialty writing that men could not do. The department store is discovering that, as its customers are chiefly women, so its advertising can best be shaped by women writers. The factory and the mail-order houses have discovered her at the same time, and she is welcoming the opportunity with such avidity, lured by the enthusiastic accounts of others, that she is very often accepting an employment for which she is temperamentally unfit.

So much for my definition of journalism. The whole field is one that long ago took an advanced position in its attitude toward women. Journalism has not recognized sex lines, unless you except in some degree the case of the newspaper office. Women as managing editors of many magazines have proved quite as able, quite as efficient, as men. Where the physical demand is great, with a grinding routine due to frequent publication, men are physically more dependable, but that has not proved a serious handicap.

Talking always in terms of the present day, the worst that one can say of the young woman in journalism is that she is unduly whimsical in her attitude toward regular employment. I believe that this is a temporary quality, and due to the changing conditions that now affect the relationship between women and business. She is even more inclined toward experimentation and change for the fun of changing than a young man, even though he be a prosperous young man who "does not have to work." It is traditional with him to find his place as quickly as possible in the business world, and then build a reputation for stick-to-it-iveness. It seems to be the case with many young women that change for the sake of further inquiry is more alluring than a record for stability.

May I hasten to get out from under a storm of reproaches by saying that it is not my testimony alone, but that of very many employers of young women college graduates. It is a reputation more easily acquired than overcome. Employers interpret it in varying fashions, some asserting that the young woman is never quite certain that she will not marry, and that, as marriage will probably mean the giving up of employment, she might as well have the broadest possible experience during her days of freedom, whereas the young man is aware that marriage will not only mean no change for him, but it will anchor him more securely to his position.

I used to wonder how the business world could absorb so many young college men each year. It seemed impossible. And yet, if I focused attention upon any individual, I found that he got a job without any great difficulty within a very short time after graduation, though he had no particular acquaintance and no "pull." But now this same world, with its sponge-like capacity, has a double task. It must absorb in the same way a vast number of job-hunting young women, and it is not really used to them yet. A great number within my knowledge go into this alluring journalistic field, and it happens that I have been able to focus some attention upon them. Despite the limited digestive capacity of any single vocation, I have not seen that any had to wait very long. The vocation has even reached out toward them, actuated at times, I suspect, by a certain curiosity regarding this new work-seeking phenomenon.

It is the editorial mandate that this should be a specific and personal treatment of my subject. What, for instance, is such a college as Vassar doing to train young women for journalism? Not all that it can and may do, I believe, without departing one iota from its theory that the four undergraduate years should train and discipline the mind for readiness to meet any of life's routines and emergencies. Yet to-day Vassar is sending many young women into journalistic work without intermediate training, and they are making good. This is partly because of the character of the vocation itself. Your ablest journalist is the man whose fundamental education is the broadest and soundest. Journalism is not, at least so far, a profession with a well-defined code of laws. That training for journalism is most effective which takes a broad educational process and "points it" toward the profession. In other words, the best journalist is the one who is well grounded in economics or psychology or chemistry or music or art or history, who is equipped with a working knowledge of one or two languages besides his own, who knows geography and the structure of modern governments. The good general college course, I make bold to say, is potentially a professional school for journalism. The average young woman college graduate with a special ability as a writer, with some training in reportorial presentation of facts, and a knack with the pen, is ready for advanced apprenticeship in the shop itself; and the work has long been ready for her, though many of its employing directors are just discovering that fact.

How then may we "point" this general undergraduate work toward journalism, and how do we do so in very small measure at Vassar? By a utilization of all the educational opportunities ready to hand. Students play at undergraduate journalism with the approval of the authorities and without detriment to their classroom work. Some of the best undergraduate journalism to-day is produced at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, where the class-rooms certainly make no surrender. This play becomes very real work to its participants, but they are only a part of all who desire the training. In one or two class-rooms given over to written composition this "pointing" may be done. Every other academic activity in college may be contributory; at least they are bountiful news sources for these embryo journalists. The institutions and industries of the town may be written up and their directors interviewed. Students who are specializing in physics or chemistry or political science are so much the better reporters on that account. The town's newspapers may become practice ground as well as friendly object-lessons; so, too, the undergraduate press. In a certain class-room known to me all of this material and many other sorts are utilized, but not, I believe, in such measure as they might be. At the same time two dominant purposes are in the instructor's mind: to keep pens going for the love of it—for the fun of it, if you like—at anything from rhyme to reason, and to teach the reporting of the truth uncolored by prejudice so far as is humanly possible. These things belong in a general college course, but they are also training for journalism. The actual material of that class-room work I hardly dare describe. Everything is grist, from rhymed reviews of the latest novel to "write-ups" of a grape-juice factory; from an interview with the indulgent professor of philosophy to the preparation of a shoe advertisement.

There is one responsibility which, above all others, rests to-day upon the professional school of journalism, and that is to teach the ethics of the profession. The need for such teaching is greater than it ever was. But the moral responsibilities of the press cannot be separated from the moral responsibilities of the public in its relationship to the press. Such teaching has as rightful a place in the undergraduate college as in the professional school. This class-room that I speak of touches upon it constantly. Other class-rooms at Vassar make it a subject for discussion. Other class-rooms discuss the current periodical press in many of its aspects. In the possibility of co-ordinating all of this kindred material of many class-rooms and so "pointing" the undergraduate work for individual students, lies the fact that Vassar and similar colleges may train journalists efficiently. I am inclined to believe that Vassar already does. A surprisingly high percentage of the graduates of the class-room I have mentioned earn their living in journalistic fashions within a year of graduation, a higher percentage than is claimed by the director of an Eastern school of journalism for his own institution. But much more might be done for them without detriment to the broad foundational training which the college requires.

His honor the editor is still protesting that I am not specific enough. But does not that relationship which exists between doctor and patient, lawyer and client, spread its protecting mantle over teacher and student? It is certainly high time to claim the professional privilege.

Vassar College,
Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

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WHY IS A NATIONAL MONUMENT?

BY FRANK A. WAUGH

THERE are a number of curious features in the (more or less) democratic Government of the United States, such as States' rights, Senatorial courtesy, and the National Monuments. It would puzzle Judge Taft to explain any one of these to a foreigner from Czechoslovakia; and indeed it would take the professor of political institutions all one daylight-saving afternoon to explain them to an American woman's club.

Let us approach the question of what is a National Monument and why. No, Clarence, a National Monument is not a tall shaft of white marble set in a neat square of lawn to commemorate us heroes who fought for the League of Nations and got a change of Administration. Neither is it a concrete post put up to mark the boundary between lawless Mexico and law-burdened U. S. A. No, a National Monument is a piece of land containing from 1 to 1,088,000 acres, either flat or rough, timbered or bare. There may be anything on this land except a mortgage. It may be administered by the War Department, the Department of the Interior, or the Department of Agriculture. There is no reason in law or custom why a National Monument might not be administered by the Post Office Department, only it hasn't been done.

Perhaps the quickest way to gain an idea of what a National Monument really is is to look at a few. The Petrified Forest of Arizona will make an excellent first example.

Everybody has heard of the Petrified Forest. The story is of a far and magic land which only the Coronados and Captain Kidds and wild Indians and movie actors have ever trod—a land of mystery, from which strange stories come. That is the schoolboy's dream; but it is also the fact.

Occasionally No. 2 whistles and slows up at Adamana and two or three intrepid explorers alight with their kodaks. Mr. Campbell, who keeps the hotel, the store, the post office, and the transportation line, and who is mayor, justice of the peace, and coroner in Adamana, also Federal custodian of the National Monument, meets these tourists (always known as dudes), feeds them a good breakfast, and loads them into an ancient flivver. The party then starts straight southward across the sand headed for nothing in sight. Presently they find Defiance Creek laid squarely across their way, which, if it happens to have water in it, may yield some adventures. This incident passed, the trail leads clean and sandy on and on across the desert. It is really only about sixteen miles and interesting, even dramatic, as deserts usually are, and then the flivver turns in amidst low hills, crosses a dry run where two steers are in sight, and there we are. It is a National Monument!

Nobody but Mr. Campbell knows where it begins or ends. Of course it could be found. A surveying party from Washington with a satchelful of Government records could go to Arizona, hire a cook outfit, and in the course of one summer, with good luck and the help of all the resident citizens (there are three of them within a radius of forty miles), could locate said Monument and deliver same to owners. But the owners are the great American people, you and I and a hundred and ten million others, and we should worry!

Two dudes climb out of the flivver and look for something to photograph. It isn't there. The strange lumps of rock strewn helter-skelter over the desert are quite indubitably stone sawlogs, and the dudes, having no wish to question science, accept the guide-book story of how they came there. It is a lovely exercise of the imagination. After seeing this one can believe anything he wants to. The most incredible wonder tales of boyhood look like the news in a one-cent evening paper now. We have reached a land of wonder and enchantment such as Aladdin never saw. Moreover, it is real land—real estate; and it belongs to us—to you and me. It is our National Monument.

Take another example, the Bandelier National Monument, named after a kindly, sweet-tempered artist-scientist-writer-explorer who lived on the spot for years and helped to make it famous. This is his monument at least, whether it is ours or not.

This National Monument is by no means a desert. It consists mainly of 22,075 acres of rough mountain land lying northwest of Santa Fé. Through the middle there runs the romantic Rito de los Frijoles. In literal translation this is the Valley of Beans, a valley as fruitful as it is beautiful and romantic. For here dwelt prehistoric races in the long years before Columbus discovered America or Mr. Bryan ran for the Presidency. These men and women practiced irrigation, grew grain, kept domestic animals, made beautiful pottery and textiles, and had their own churches, schools, secret lodges, politics, and all the furniture of an advanced civilization. They built houses for themselves and temples of worship; and then they disappeared, perhaps wiped out of existence by the same pestilence which threatens civilization to-day—that is, by the junkerism of their own self-satisfied generation.

To-day the Bandelier National Monument preserves with singular vividness the atmosphere of that prehistoric people. As one stands on the encircling tufa cliff and looks down on the well-preserved remnants of the ancient city he must have lost every spark-plug out of his imagination if he does not instantly turn back ten thousand years and visualize the patient, kindly, thrifty pacifists of that olden time sequestered here in this paradise away from the Apaches, watering their gardens, weaving their tapestries, and teaching their boys the true religion.

All of this robust romance and all these invaluable material relics, this incomparable museum of archaeology, are guarded by Judge Abbott under the administration of the Forest Service of the United States Department of Agriculture. The Forest Service comes in here because this territory was (and for that matter is) a part of the Santa Fe National Forest; and the handiest man on the job, from Uncle Sam's forces, is the forest ranger. Instead of establishing a new bureau, with 57 overhead officers, clerks extra, in Washington, Uncle Sam in this case places one man in charge on the grounds and leaves the overhead where it was. Wise old Uncle Sam! If he could only do as well with some other branches of his business!

Yes, this National Monument administration may seem irregular, amorphous, and inconsistent, but it has its strong points. It might teach us some lessons in government business yet.

But these two examples give a rather deflected idea of what the whole miscellaneous family of National Monuments means. For a contrast look at Katmai. Here we are away off in Alaska in a highly modern volcanic garden of over one million acres, a land almost unknown to the white race. It is best known through the explorations of the National Geographic Society, headed by Mr. Robert F. Griggs, who has picturesquely introduced it to the popular imagination under the name of "The Valley of Ten Thousand Smokes."

Katmai blew up in 1912, just before Kaiser Wilhelm. There were earthquakes, nights of darkness and ashes, and the sun was hidden for weeks. These volcanic activities have continued, diminished but on a great scale, so that, since the armistice in Europe, Katmai may fairly claim to be the most vicious volcano at large. The hot springs and other strange phenomena of the region represent an almost primary stage of volcanic action. These may quite possibly be the germs of future geysers. A half million years from now Katmai may be another Yellowstone, and our grandchildren may be going there on their honeymoon trips to see another Old Faithful play.

Thus while the Rito de los Frijoles transports us to the prehistoric past and the Petrified Forest to the geologic past, Katmai projects us into the geologic future.

One more example of a totally different kind may be given. The Mount Olympus National Monument lies west of Seattle and Puget Sound. It is an extremely wild rocky region with inconceivably dense forests of giant trees. Mount Olympus itself, the major peak, is

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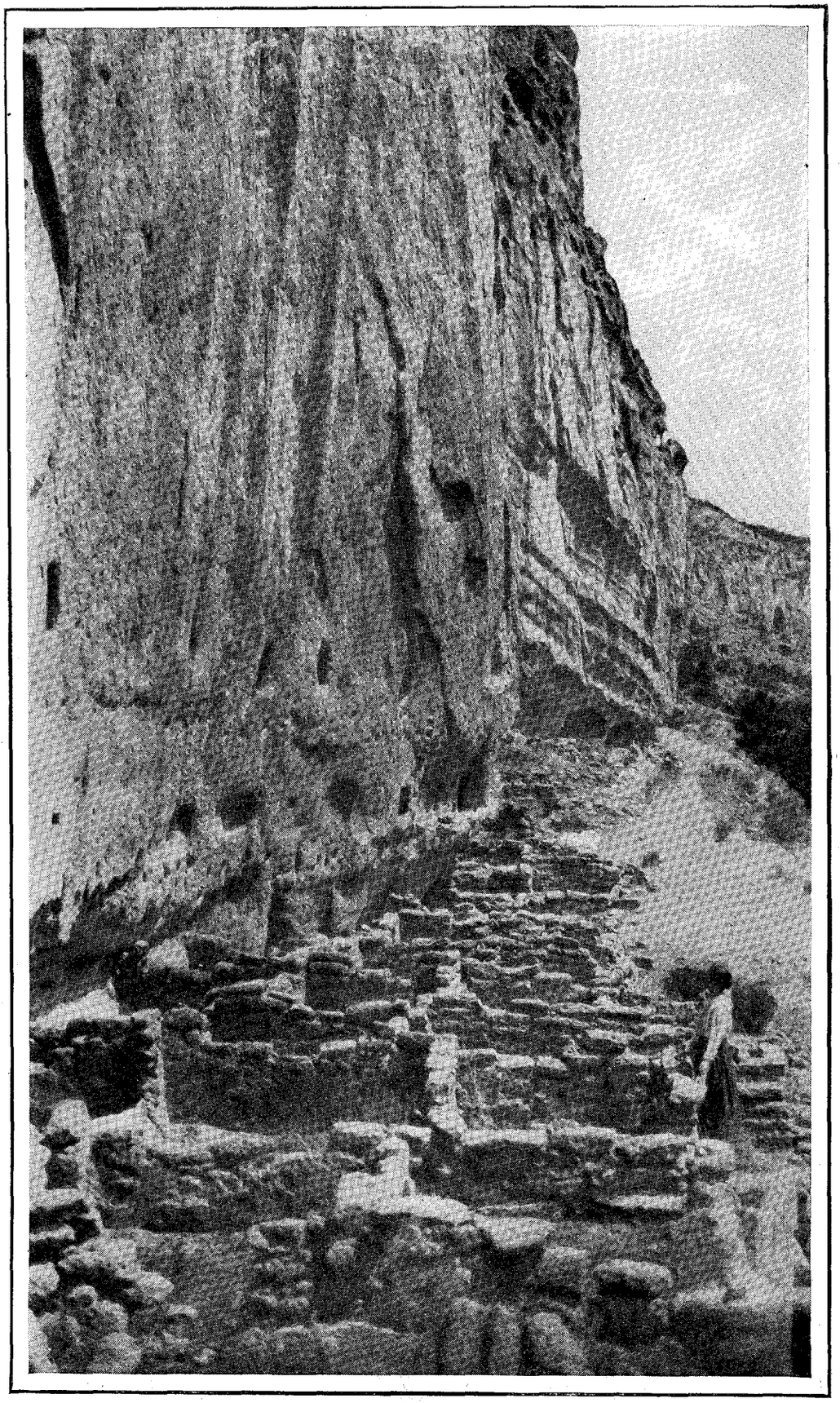

THE BANDELIER NATIONAL MONUMENT
"Here dwelt prehistoric races in the long years before Columbus discovered America or Mr. Bryan ran for the Presidency"

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NATIONAL MONUMENTS ADMINISTERED BY THE INTERIOR DEPARTMENT

		Created	Acres
Casa Grande	Arizona	1892	480
Capulin Mountain	New Mexico	1916	681
Chaco Canyon	New Mexico	1907	20,629
Colorado	Colorado	1911	13,883
Devil's Tower	Wyoming	1906	1,152
Dinosaur	Utah	1915	80
El Morro	New Mexico	1906	240
Gran Quivira	New Mexico	1909	500
Katmai	Alaska	1918	1,088,000
Lewis and Clark Cavern	Montana	1908	160
Montezuma Castle	Arizona	1906	160
Muir Woods	California	1908	295
Natural Bridges	Utah	1908	2,740
Navajo	Arizona	1909	360
Papago Saguaro	Arizona	1914	2,050
Petrified Forest	Arizona	1906	25,625
Pinnacles	California	1908	2,080
Rainbow Bridge	Utah	1910	160
Scott's Bluff	Nebraska	1919	2,054
Shoshone Cavern	Wyoming	1909	210
Sitka	Alaska	1910	57
Tumacacori	Arizona	1908	10
Verendrye	North Dakota	1917	253
Yucca House	Colorado	1919	10
			1,161,869

NATIONAL MONUMENTS ADMINISTERED BY THE AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT

		Created	Acres
Bandelier	New Mexico	1916	22,075
Devil's Postpile	California	1911	800
Gila Cliff Dwellings	New Mexico	1907	160
Jewel Cave	South Dakota	1908	1,280
Mount Olympus	Washington	1909	299,370
Old Kasaan	Alaska	1916	39
Oregon Caves	Oregon	1909	480
Tonto	Arizona	1907	640
Walnut Canyon	Arizona	1915	960
Wheeler	Colorado	1908	300
			326,104

NATIONAL MONUMENTS ADMINISTERED BY THE WAR DEPARTMENT

		Created	Acres
Big Hole Battlefield	Montana	1910	5
Cabrillo	California	1913	1
			6

only 8,000 ft. high, which isn't much in the company of Mount Baker and Mount Rainier; but for utter wildness and inaccessibility Mount Olympus can hold its own.

Yet it is not especially because of the scenery, the mountains and forests, that we have here a National Monument of 299,370 acres. It is more because this region is the home of the Olympic elk, a noble native species unknown elsewhere and threatened with imminent extinction. Look at this situation for a moment through the eyes of Theodore Roosevelt, and we see why a great National Monument exists on Mount Olympus.

Above is a catalogue list of the National Monuments. Many of these names will certainly be new to the average reader; yet one could make a good argument for the proposition that Americans should know the names and locations of their own National Monuments quite as well, for example, as they might know the names and dates of the Kings of England.

There are seven so-called National Parks administered by the War Department, such as the Gettysburg Battlefield, Chickamauga and Chattanooga, and Lincoln's Birthplace, all of which might better be classified as National Monuments. But the most clearly outstanding character of the National Monument scheme is its complete inconsistency. We may as well let it go at that. Any one who tries to make up a logical classification of National Parks, National Monuments, National Forests, National Cemeteries, Military Reservations, will spoil the sweet American disorder of the whole programme and besides will be invading the powers and prerogatives of Congress.

As a matter of law and of fact, Congress does not create the National Monuments. The President does that, under Congressional authority. And herein lies a fundamental difference between a National Monument and a National Park. The former is set aside by Presidential proclamation, the latter by act of Congress. Presumably the former action is easier to compass and easier to set aside; and in this legal sense a National Park ranks above a National Monument, as it is supposed also to outrank it in scenic value.

The National Monument status has indeed been used as a stage in the development of National Parks, just as a caterpillar is one stage in the development of a butterfly. The Grand Canyon was first a Monument, now a Park. Mount Lassen had the same history. Some day, when those grandchildren of ours are taking their honeymoon trips to Katmai, that region will undoubtedly be raised to the status of a Park—perhaps before that.

The more one studies this lovely jumble the more he perceives some merit in its inconsistencies. If in his explorations of America he looks over just a few of the National Monuments he will certainly feel that they are a fine lot. He will be glad we have them.

America is just like that all over—and the Americans, too. They are a thoroughly unassorted and inconsistent lot, but when you get personally acquainted with the beggars you rather like them.

A FOREST RANGER

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WHAT WOOD AND FORBES HAVE DONE IN THE PHILIPPINES

BY O. GARFIELD JONES

PROFESSOR OF POLITICAL SCIENCE, TOLEDO UNIVERSITY

"GENERAL WOOD and ex-Governor Forbes sent to investigate Philippine situation, then make report and recommendations to President," was President Harding's first official declaration concerning the Philippines. This action marks two noteworthy changes in our colonial policy. In the first place, the high caliber of the investigators indicates the importance which our present Chief Executive attaches to colonial policy. The second encouraging feature is that both these investigators extraordinary have had considerable experience in the Philippines and already possess first-hand facts and an intimate acquaintance with the Filipinos to help them arrive at an accurate comprehension of the present situation in our Oriental colony.

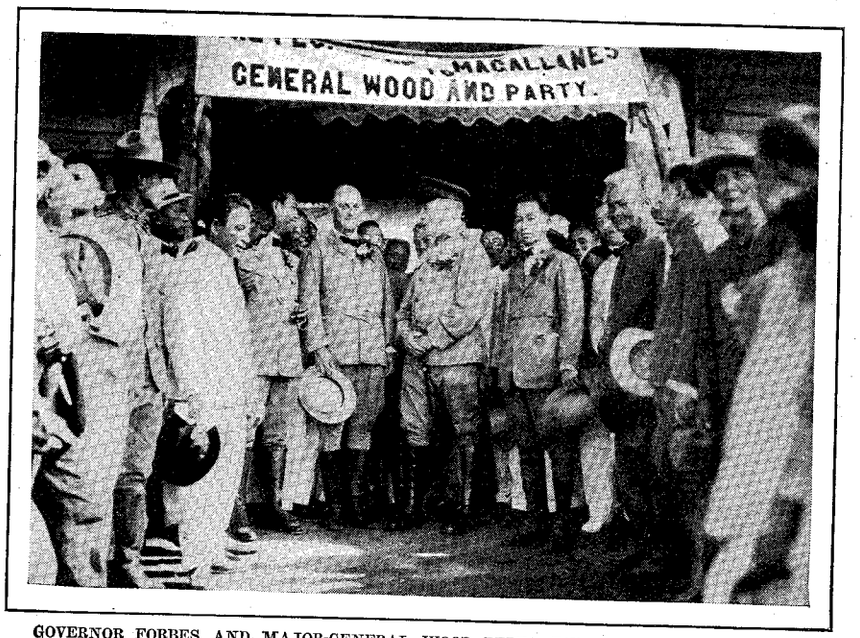
This is quite a change from eight years ago, when a Tammany Congressman was sent to the Islands on quite short notice to determine the policy and govern the Filipinos for the next eight years. This New York City Congressman was quite innocent of any real knowledge of the Philippines or the Filipinos at that time. Many of the mistakes of his first year in Manila must be charged to ignorance, because he reversed many of his original policies just as soon as he could learn the real situation in the islands.

Just what recommendations will be made regarding the future of the Philippines no one can say at this time. But what Leonard Wood and W. Cameron Forbes have done for the Filipinos in the past should give some indications as to what they will think ought to be done in the future.

As an administrator Major-General Wood is best known for his work in Cuba, where he pacified the island within three years, then got out. As an administrative stunt this was fine. The complete withdrawal of the American forces within three years of the close of the Spanish-American War attracted world-wide attention. It was a demonstration that Uncle Sam keeps his word and is not land hungry.

However, the "Pacificator of Cuba" was no sooner returned from this patch-up job than President Roosevelt gave him a job of real constructive statesmanship in the Far East. He was sent to the Philippines to be the first Civil Governor of Moroland, that part of the southern islands of the Philippine Archipelago which is inhabited by the Mohammedan Malays called Moros.

For more than three hundred years—to be exact, from 1565 to 1898—the zealous Spanish friars and the dauntless Spanish soldiers failed to make any progress in Christianizing or conquering



GOVERNOR FORBES AND MAJOR-GENERAL WOOD BEING ENTERTAINED BY GENERAL AGUINALDO AND THE PEOPLE OF MAGALLANES, CAVITE

(General Wood in center, Governor Forbes at his right, and Aguinaldo at his left)

the half million Mohammedan Malays of Mindanao and Sulu. In 1899, while the American forces were occupying and pacifying the Christian provinces of the Philippines, Brigadier-General John C. Bates, in lieu of conquering the Moros, made a treaty with the Sultan of Sulu in which we agreed to let the Sultan alone so long as he would call Uncle Sam his boss. Naturally this sort of weak-kneed arrangement got us nowhere; consequently, in 1903 a sort of civil government under army control was outlined for the Moro region and Brigadier-General Leonard Wood, fresh from Cuba, was made the first Civil Governor of this jungle-land of unconquered, fanatical Mohammedans.

Fortunately, Wood's instructions for this job were not of the "off again, on again, gone again" variety. He was told to pacify and civilize these piratical Moros, three hundred years of Spanish experience to the contrary notwithstanding. Upon the failure of the Sultan of Sulu to maintain even a semblance of law and order in Moroland, Governor Wood had the Bates Treaty abrogated and set out to do what the Spaniards and the Sultan had found impossible.

Wood said, "The Moros must be disarmed!" This was simple, just like clipping the quills of a porcupine. The first step was to secure a corps of hand-picked subordinates and train them for the very difficult tasks they were to perform. Wood's idea was to develop a permanent civil service like that of India. Unfortunately, few American officers cared to spend more than one or two years in this malaria, cholera, Mohammedan infested jungle.

When a district was disarmed and pacified, schools were opened, sanitary conditions were established, and the Moros of that community were given a taste of good government for the first time in their lives. As the more settled regions were disarmed, Governor Wood sent his men farther and farther into the jungle to extend the area of disarmament and orderly government.

This excellent campaign suffered a temporary defeat or setback in 1906, and this defeat came from a rather unexpected source. Governor Wood was solving the Moro problem, but he failed to revise the United States Army routine and red tape. Parenthetically, it may be remembered that he had a similar difficulty in 1916 and 1917. Just about the time Governor Wood had a district governor well trained for his job, along would come a cablegram from Washington ordering Captain So-and-So to Fort Henry, or Fort Sill, or some other post in the United States, and another officer, utterly untrained for this Moro service, would be sent to Mindanao to fill the vacancy thus created. Finally, when Governor Wood had a second allotment of subordinates about trained for their respective jobs, along came a cablegram ordering General Wood himself to the United States for "duty with troops."

The efficiency of the Army is the first consideration of the War Department at Washington, and, as the General Staff

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THE HON. SERGIO OSMEÑA, SPEAKER OF THE PHILIPPINE ASSEMBLY (LATER HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES) SINCE ITS INAUGURATION IN 1907

sees it, every assignment of officers to civil duty is just that much of a sacrifice of Army efficiency to the god of politics. A working compromise has been arrived at by which officers may be assigned to civil duty on condition that every so often each officer so assigned serve one or two years on actual "duty with troops."

Brigadier-General Tasker H. Bliss succeeded General Wood as Governor of Moroland. He believed in being nice to the Moros. He abandoned Wood's policy of disarmament and made no attempt to develop a special corps of administrators for the Moro service. The result of this "let 'em alone" policy was "no progress" during the next three years.

In 1909 Brigadier-General John J. Pershing was made Governor of Moroland. He came to this office after having had several years' experience as commander of one of the worst districts in Mindanao; consequently, he knew better than to "let 'em alone." He reestablished Wood's policy of disarming the Moros, but, instead of attempting to hold regular Army officers for this service, he replaced the Army men with permanent civilian administrators.

Wood's disarmament policy worked out so well under Pershing's vigorous administration that during the next four years Christian Filipinos were able to migrate to the fertile valleys of Moroland to take up homesteads alongside of the one-time fanatical Mohammedans. This migration of Christian Filipinos to the Mohammedan country has increased from year to year since 1912, until today they are going to Mindanao and Sulu by the thousand.

In 1913 General Pershing retired in favor of a civilian Governor. This civilian Governor maintained the disarmament policy and took immediate steps to organize the Moros into regular provinces, the same as the Christian Filipinos to the north. Consequently, there is no political division known as Moroland or Moro Province to-day. It was abolished in 1919. In its place there are seven ordinary provinces: Agusan, Bukidnon, Cotabato, Davao, Lanao, Sulu, and Zamboanga. The subdivisions of these provinces are being organized into regular municipalities as rapidly as possible.

The Moro has ceased being a fanatic to become a citizen. It is only the recorded facts of history that remind us of the three hundred years when the Mohammedans of the southern islands ravaged the coast towns of the Christian provinces up to the very shores of Manila Bay. It is not easy to realize to-day that the several million Christian Filipinos to the north were as a flock of shepherdless sheep to the half million Moros of the south, who were the devouring wolves of the Philippine Archipelago prior to 1898. To-day Christian Filipinos and Mohammedan Moros live side by side in Mindanao. They work together, and they send their children to the same public school.

Occasionally still a few Moros get sulky, procure weapons, and start trouble. When this happens, the civil government falls back upon Wood's policy of disarming those they can, and canning those they can't. The success that has crowned this simple, rugged statesmanship will surely increase General Wood's confidence in statesmanship as opposed to politics. He knows what "let 'em alone" did for Moroland, and he knows how our "off again, on again, gone again" work in Cuba has kept us rendering first aid to Cuba for these twenty years since.

W. Cameron Forbes, the other investigator extraordinary, went to the Philippines in 1904 as Secretary of Commerce and police. He put a stop to the haphazard waste of funds on public improvements; he worked out the system of permanent road construction and maintenance for main highways which is recognized to-day as the foundation of the Philippine economic development of the last fifteen years; and he was made Governor-General of the archipelago in 1909.

As Governor-General, Forbes proved himself a real chief executive. Governor Taft was the pioneer. He had the task of inaugurating civil government in a land devastated by war and seething with the spirit of rebellion. His was the difficult task of organization. Forbes, on the other hand, had the task of administering a going concern. Forbes was the first Governor-General who had not gone through that trying period of strife, 1899 to 1903. His acquaintance with the Filipinos began in 1904, when peace conditions had already been established. His relation to the Filipinos had always been that of friend and colaborer; his relation to Aguinaldo, for instance, was that of opponent across the chess-board.

Forbes's success was in doing things

THE HON. MANUEL L. QUEZON, FORMER RESIDENT COMMISSIONER IN THE UNITED STATES, AND PRESIDENT OF THE PHILIPPINE SENATE SINCE 1916

for and with the Filipinos, leading them on to a larger life and more efficient government. He spent much of his time traveling from province to province, personally supervising the work of the insular, provincial, and municipal officials, calling mass-meetings to hear the complaints of the citizens, visiting the jails to hear the complaints of the prisoners, and following up these complaints to see that justice was done and the people satisfied.

He spent several times his salary in donations to local projects and by giving prizes to stimulate athletics and encourage the improvement of school grounds. He played baseball against or with the local high school teams because he loved the sport and because the sport needed prestige to encourage the aristocratic Filipinos to play it. Forbes believes that the way to teach people to swim is to get in the water with them, teach them the strokes, and swim alongside until they become proficient and self-confident.

The last Governor-General, Francis Burton Harrison, believes in the old saying, "Throw them in, then they'll have to swim or drown!" There is merit in both systems. It is probably true that the Filipinos have learned more of the art of self-reliance during the last eight years than during the previous twelve. However, the limitations of this "throw them in" system are beginning to appear. The inexperienced Filipino leaders and the Filipino voters thought the Government could do anything and everything; consequently, they started the Philippine National Bank to solve their credit problems; they bought the Philippine railways to solve their transportation problem; and they created the National Development Company to develop Philippine coal mines and o

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wells, manufacture cement, etc. To-day every one of these ventures is in a serious condition; a loss to the Government, a menace to the political integrity of the people, and a barrier to the economic development of the archipelago.

As the man who did so much to solve the economic problems of the Philippines from 1904 to 1913, W. Cameron Forbes is just the man to suggest the best way out of the present economic morass. He should know how to change the Government's attitude toward private business from stifle to stimulate, and develop individual initiative to replace governmental paternalism as the well-spring of economic progress in the Philippine Islands.

Ex-Governor Forbes is personally intimate with Emilio Aguinaldo and Sergio Osmeña, leaders, respectively, of the old and the new in the Philippines. Forbes was popular with the Filipinos, especially the younger generation. Like Theodore Roosevelt, he believes in having a "bully time," whether chief executive or private citizen, and this spontaneity gave him an influence over the young men of the Philippines such as no other Governor-General has had.

Forbes knows the political and administrative problems of the Christian provinces just as Wood knows the relation of sound disciplinary control to the Moro problem. Major-General Leonard Wood and ex-Governor W. Cameron Forbes will surely give full consideration to the political aspirations of the Christian Filipinos; but they will not ignore the Mohammedan problem in the south, the serious economic situation in the Christian provinces, or the international implications of a country that is geographically Oriental but culturally Occidental; an under-populated country rich in natural resources adjacent to over-populated countries which are poor in natural resources.

NOW IS THE TIME TO SOLVE THE PHILIPPINE PROBLEM

THE VIEW OF A REPRESENTATIVE FILIPINO

BY GREGORIO NIEVA

IT is indeed very gratifying to note that leading papers in the United States are now giving the Philippines a more thoughtful consideration. This would seem to indicate that there prevails to-day a better realization of the fact that the Philippine case requires now the greatest possible thoughtfulness and vision and wisdom on the part of both Americans and Filipinos, their statesmen chiefly, for it is to-day neither a case for the Filipinos alone nor for the Americans alone, nor the same one it was twenty years ago, when nobody dreamed of the present astounding proportions the Pacific is assuming.

The American people, so sorry to say, are still poorly informed, rather misinformed, I should say, by some of their own writers, who, in dwelling on the Philippines, in most cases have absurdly featured the most backward types as representative of things Philippine. Is it right for us to be treated this way? Or is it right for the American public to be treated that way, simply because it is pretty nearly ten thousand miles away from the Philippines? The result is that the American public is now suffering from such intended misinformation, and it should be an awful remorse for such writers even to think that they have misled their own people so awfully. But, I should ask, should there be really any further excuse to further present the Philippines to the American mind through pictures of savages or semi-savages, or wood or mountain people, as they are called by outsiders? In fairness to America, one cannot to-day picture the Philippines that way, without minimizing the task she has so handsomely accomplished in the islands, unless one is bent to mislead his or her own people, hinder progress, and perpetuate uncertainty here.

Instead of pictures of backward types —those coming under the common denomination of "non-Christian tribes," of whom there are to-day very many quite advanced in education and social conditions, and who, after all, are but 932,953, as compared with the 9,316,211 Christians—let us show the American public something new, something modern, real product of progress, that they may feel the pride they ought to of American accomplishments.

The Philippines cannot and must not be kept much longer in this injurious uncertainty. It is injurious to trade—the trade of both countries—and a drawback to progress, and contrary to utterances of American ideals, of American democracy, which must be the same American ideals, the same American democracy, for both the West and the East. For us all to further continue in this uncertainty, to further encourage this uncertainty, would be creating a wholly untenable situation for America and for American institutions, would destroy at least a part of the world's faith in the American spirit of fairness, would give room for doubt and jealousy again to prevail between Americans and Filipinos, and render the continuance of our most pleasant relationship, made possible by the mutual confidence policy so wisely started by Governor-General Harrison (which Governor Forbes had the manliness of publicly acknowledging in his speech at the lunch given in honor of the Wood-Forbes Mission by the Rotary Club on the 9th instant—June), rather difficult, if not altogether impossible, in a situation of suspicion and jealousy. It is for this reason that America and the Philippines must set themselves to work immediately on the joint task of finding an eventual, mutually satisfactory solution to the Philippine question, and try their best to come to that solution, instead of continuing, day in and day out, in the eternal claim, on the one side (our side) that we are qualified, and on the other side (your side) that we are still unqualified for what we claim.

But for this a clean-cut working basis of openness, of frankness, in purpose and in words, is absolutely necessary, *i. e.*, a definite declaration of America's actual intention and plan in the Philippines. We have already said that independence is our goal, and the sooner the better. Expression of public opinion in the northern and central provinces of Luzon, through which the Wood-Forbes Mission has traveled recently, has been almost unanimous. Protectorate, or a more or less qualified relationship, is the choice of a considerable number, not negligible indeed, but in all independence is the universal aspiration. This may be better verified through a constitutional convention called for this purpose by the Filipino or the American people.

We are satisfied that we have already done our part in the establishment of a stable government as required by the Jones Law; we are also satisfied that it has been already pronounced that the grant of independence is no longer a matter of principle to-day, but a matter of plain expediency, which renders further arguing that this thing or that thing never was intended for the Philippines (your argument) or this thing or that thing was solemnly pledged for the Philippines (our argument) simply idle.

We claim now, and we are ready to show it at any time, that there is in the islands a government of law and order, of justice and fairness to all, irrespective of nationalities or of social or political position; of peace and public safety in the free pursuit of everybody's legitimate trade. Our Government embodies to-day, perhaps to a degree that may invite fair comparison, practically all that the most advanced governments in the world construe as their instruments to work out and achieve their destiny, and to assure peace, safety, prosperity, and contentment to their people, as well as "social conditions where there is human interest," in the sense intended by General Wood in his

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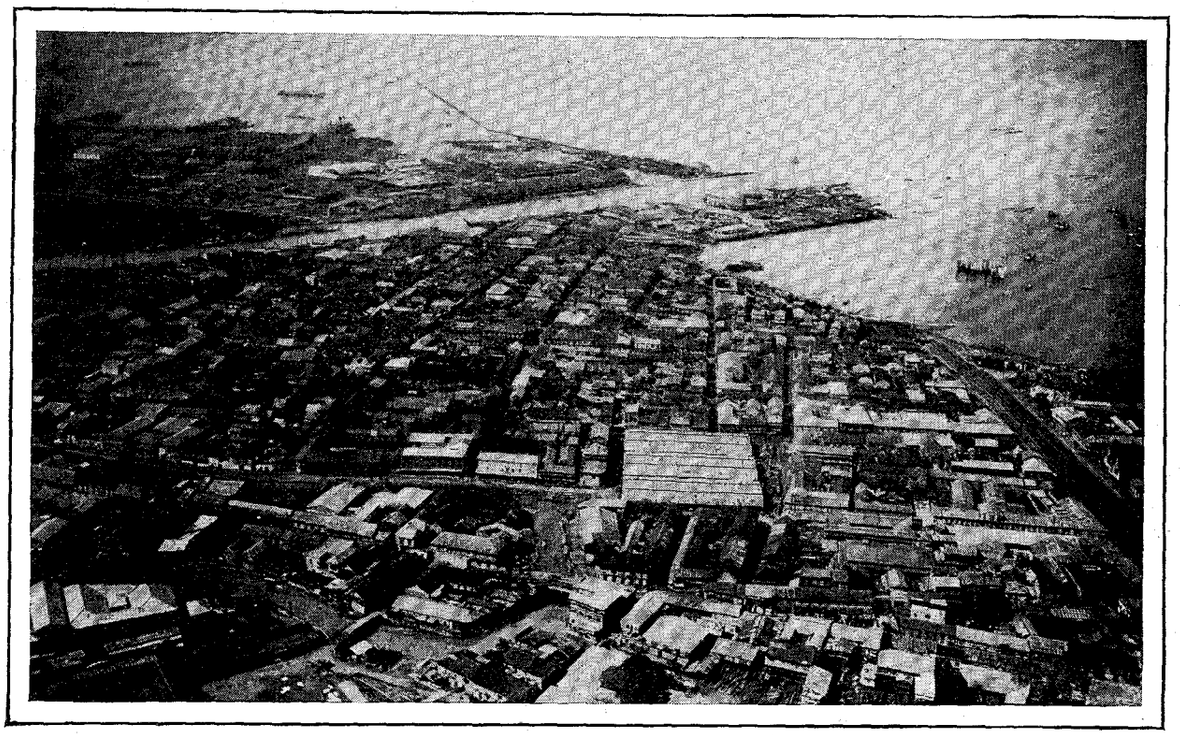

A VIEW OF THE CITY OF MANILA FROM AN AIRPLANE

The piers are shown, with a portion of the port area, the Pasig River, and a section of the port where new piers and other extensive shipping facilities are being and will be undertaken

definition of a stable government for the Philippines. And we are just in the beginning of our national activities, which include more hospitals, more sanitation, more schools, intensive development of our natural resources, which, as you know, can't be done in a day. Of course we don't yet have an army and navy of the size of those of Japan, but as there is to-day a growing sentiment in favor of disarmament, and governments are now responding favorably to feelers as to suggested disarmament negotiations from the United States, the day may at last come when the world will do away with war armies and navies, and be happy beyond the range of dream, beyond the reach of human conception, in the mutual acknowledgment of everybody's right.

Coming back to the Philippine case, our governmental finances are being reorganized to a sound footing. Of course we are up against this bankruptcy brought about by the universal, awful depression of values of all sort in trade, including the rock-like strength of the Liberty Bonds, all over the world. But of this bankruptcy we could easily emerge if the world trade was moving, if we could export all the sugar, oil, hemp, and tobacco we have tied up. We would be better off if the local banks as well as the local American business men could only assist us. But they are unavailable, for they are operating, in most cases, with local capital. A bank would open its doors, for instance, with, say, $100,000 or so—a nominal capital—just to have something to begin with or operate with, and to gain time to receive local deposits from Filipinos, then operate with said deposits from Filipinos, and loan them to non-Filipinos, so to speak. The same thing with local American business men. They are operating in most cases this way, with local capital. One or two of them—of the biggest ones—would have gone out of existence if not for the timely aid of Filipino capital by the millions.

So, truly speaking, we have been operating with our own capital, or just "bursting ourselves," and it is rather time for the people to know that we are just "bursting ourselves." The result would have been so much more substantial, more encouraging, with the aid of fresh, actual American capital. Our economic progress would have been nearer to its full measure. And America and the Philippines would have profited very, very much better. Thus in this crisis, in this bankruptcy, when our resources have been so heavily cut down by calls for Liberty Bonds and Red Cross and other war reliefs, we could move on, and be much better off if we could have some relief from without, if we could only secure a fifty-million-dollar fresh loan from the United States, to replenish the fissures made by such depression, not free, of course, but strictly on a business basis.

Our present taxable property valuation is as follows:

City of Manila	$159,149,456
City of Baguio	2,281,855
Regular provinces	1,143,332,440
Non-Christian provinces	44,012,192
	$1,348,775,943

And as farming and trade are becoming more and more intensified and more lands are cultivated, a greater production and greater tax collections are assured. Just as trade grows, values grow also correspondingly. Through these agencies, property valuation in the provinces jumped to over three hundred per cent in 1920, as compared with that for 1913—in less than ten years. This should appeal to all concerned as a solid guaranty of such public indebtedness as we may incur in, without mentioning others, available also, of course. But we are, as some said, good losers, and, if we can get it, we will fight on just with what we have. And we hope to succeed.

Immediately after the enactment of the Jones Bill a governmental budget was put in operation in the islands. The Federal Government of the United States still is without a budget. Shortly after, our gross government income reached and passed the mark of one hundred million, and in five years more or so, if normalcy is in again and soon, we may be near or reach the mark of another hundred million, and so on, very slowly of course, but surely, just with our own means and efforts, and through a fair mobilization and utilization of the resources of the nation.

We have now a complete popular education—more comprehensive than ever before. Farming, trading, etc., are receiving better facilities every day, such as excellent roads and bridges, fast transport and communication, efficient policing, etc. Justice is administered with quite a sense of fairness. And so on. These are but a few instances of the nation's activities to-day.

Of course we have made mistakes, are still and will continue making mistakes.

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We acknowledge that. But that is but human, and is not out of the range of remedial action.

The Wood-Forbes Mission is now in the Philippines. We are glad it is here. It has just finished inspecting the provinces of northern and central Luzon, going from one town to another, investigating actual prevailing conditions, feeling for itself actual aspirations of the people, through public meetings, through private interviews with all sort of men and women, including roadmen, countrymen, possibly the illiterates themselves. Although this has aroused suspicion in many as to the real intention of the Mission, for matters properly pertaining to statesmen would seem rather queer—here, or in Europe, America, or elsewhere—to propound to villagemen, laborers, etc., who can hardly digest matters of political science; however, we are glad of it, for that way they can verify for themselves that, with very few exceptions, the people of the islands—men and women, in clubs or otherwise—are unanimous in their eventual aspiration which constitutes the backbone of the country and of our present progress. Of course side by side with those desiring complete, unqualified independence there are those whose choice is for protectorate or continuance of a more or less qualified American-Filipino relationship. This is the result of private or individual interviews. And the same expression of opinion will be obtained if the independence question is put to a vote all over the islands.

This is, therefore, the psychological moment for both America and the Philippines to grasp as the starting moment for a better future, for a definite, well-planned, openly well-intentioned future. We must set ourselves—Americans and Filipinos—to work together to find a common road to that future, if we are really sincere, if we are not fooling each other to our own, mutual prejudice.

It is no longer fair for both parties to continue opposing each other, facing each other in reciprocal, unfair criticism. That will lead us to nowhere and make our relationship seemingly purposeless or occultly ill-intentioned. But you know as well as we do that you and we are not struggling in the Philippines for no purpose.

We appreciate fully what you have so nobly done and undertaken for us. In this our realization simply cannot be any more pleasant. We also realize that you have your own interests in the Far East, which we must not overlook. Of course you must also realize that we have our own interests, which you must not overlook. To cover our respective claims, without recurring to obsolete means—the brutal means of sheer might—there can be no other, no better outlet than actually to try to settle them.

The sending of the Wood-Forbes Mission furnishes us one of the most splendid occasions of our life for this undertaking. It is here, as they say, to find actual conditions. Men of fair spirit are with it. And men of high training, expensive accountants, are also with it. We are glad to bear the expense, even at this junction of our bankrupt trade, if it is the cost of finding true conditions. I know the Mission will find good, very good things. It will also find bad, very bad things. Its report will contain its findings in full—our successes and achievements, as well as our failures and blunders, to their true extent. Then, in the light of said report, President Harding will have at his command a most fair chance intelligently to begin to plan for an early fair solution, which could best be accomplished by the appointment of a joint commission of American and Filipino statesmen to study how to cope with the needs of the future, to determine the true wishes of America and the Philippines in the light of said needs, and to find the formula for the final relationship between both countries.

In the past, with the exception of those cases resulting in the passage of our organic law of July 1, 1902, providing for an elective assembly to work with the Philippine Commission as our legislature, and the Jones Bill of 1916, giving us the present autonomous form of government and expressing the final intention of the United States towards the Philippines at some future time, in no instance has the Philippine case been given such due, practical consideration as for the President of the United States to designate American and Filipino statesmen to sit together and begin to find a solution to make our respective ends meet, honorably, creditably, fairly to both countries. On the contrary, such later legislation as the proposed application of the Coastwise Act of the United States to the Philippines and the Towner Annexation Bill would rather involve a death blow, not only to our present autonomous government, but to our future.

If we are sincere and open and frank in our purposes, this is the psychological moment for a Philippine solution.

BANKS AND BUILDING

BY SHERMAN ROGERS

INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE OUTLOOK

A FEW years ago, in Idaho, a prominent logger filed a petition in bankruptcy. A friend met him on the street a few days later and asked him the reason for the failure.

"Banks," he answered.

"Banks?" echoed the startled questioner. "How on earth could the banks be responsible for you losing twenty-five thousand dollars on your last logging contract?"

"That's true," answered the bankrupt. "I lost five thousand dollars on my last summer's 'flier' in logging. It broke me. But I have another contract in mind, and if the bank would have loaned me eighteen thousand dollars I am firmly convinced I would have made enough money to have repaid me for my last year's losses and, at the same time, repaid the loan."

Banks have been blamed for a great many individual shortcomings not one bit more ridiculous than the above case. The latest Nation-wide attack on the bankers as a whole is based on about the same quality of reasoning. Thousands of people actually believe that the banks are responsible for the present deplorable building situation. Other thousands hurl anathemas at the bankers when they are compelled to pay double and treble the rents they believe they ought to pay. In the minds of many people a bank is a mint where, possibly in the recesses of the basement, numerous money-making machines turn out currency as the public requires. At least the arguments put forth by many individuals would make it appear that way. Bankers had just about as much to do with the present condition of the building industry as the Sultan of Sulu with the starting of the late World War.

Bankers are merely custodians of the depositors' funds. They become amenable to criminal laws whenever they loan depositors' money on security of known doubtful value. Many bankers, disregarding their solemn obligations to depositors, have been compelled to undergo long-time vacations in institutions where they do not have to pay for their meals. Any banker who would have loaned seventy-five per cent on building construction in some of the large cities that have recently been shaken to their foundations by crooked building graft exposure should not only be bitterly condemned by the depositors and the public, but should be removed from a position of public trust.

What right did a banker have to loan five thousand dollars for the building of a house that would be worth four thousand when completed? Why loan money for construction of buildings that could not be sold for par value in normal times? A house means nothing without an occupant. It has been proved in hundreds of cases throughout the country during the past six months that, due to labor restrictions and inefficiency, high wages, and crooked building material combinations, homes are going begging for purchasers though priced at seventy-five per cent of the actual cost of construction. No banker has a right

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to jeopardize the deposits of his institution. Therefore the executive bank officials had neither a legal nor a moral right to loan money on construction that they knew was costing a great deal more than the building was worth.

I am personally acquainted with two wealthy men who constructed several hundred thousand dollars' worth of suburban New York homes in 1919 and 1920. One of these men had built twenty-eight houses at an actual construction cost of twelve thousand dollars each. He originally tried to sell the homes for fifteen thousand, later at twelve thousand, and has now vainly attempted to dispose of them at ten thousand dollars each. He has only made three sales so far, at an actual loss of two thousand dollars per dwelling. These homes are within a five-cent fare of thousands of prospective home purchasers who are vainly endeavoring to get out of the clutches of greedy landlords. The other man built twenty houses at an actual construction cost of eighteen thousand dollars. He originally tried to sell the homes for twenty-two thousand. For six months anxious home-seekers trapesed through the buildings, each time shaking their heads as they left. The owner finally decided to come out even; offered the homes at eighteen thousand dollars. For three months he held at these figures, then dropped to fifteen thousand. He has sold only four of the homes at that figure during the past five and a half months.

These illustrations simply prove that the American public are now demanding an honest run for their money.

All the loose talk about the banks of America having entered into a secret conspiracy to withhold loans from prospective home builders is fiction pure and simple. The class of banks usually making loans on real estate and building always have been, and still are, desirous of extending loans to new home owners in preference to almost any other class of security.

I attended a convention a short time ago in Philadelphia. I talked to a great many of the presidents and cashiers of these mutual savings institutions—institutions that, as a rule, are continually making millions of dollars of loans to home investors. Without exception, the executives I talked with emphatically assured me that they were not only ready, but extremely eager, to make loans for building purposes whenever it was possible to get construction completed on a basis of honest valuation. It was pointed out to me by each one of these bankers, and by the various speakers at the convention, who represented great banking institutions, that the most desirable loan for a mutual savings bank was one made to a workingman for the construction or purchase of a home. They each advanced the same reason: namely, that a workingman who is either a renter or a boarding-house floater is not of any great benefit to a town or city. He has nothing at stake in a community; therefore takes no interest in its upbuilding. As soon as a man has purchased a home his interest in law and order and upkeep of the community increases tenfold. The home investor not only is a much more desirable citizen in the community, but he becomes a saver and a responsible man. Therefore a bank at all times is only too glad to take care of the home builder whenever both the bank and the intended purchaser are assured a fair valuation for the money expended.

The president of a large Massachusetts institution grew very sarcastic when I told him that there was a Nation-wide feeling that bankers were plotting against intended home purchasers. He said: "One home owner is worth twenty-five floaters to any industrial center. A home owner is an asset; the greatest asset any community can have. A renter or a boarder has nothing at stake in the community, seldom saves anything, and yet has the same vote as the man who has everything at stake. The most stable banks of the country are those situated in cities and towns in which a majority of citizens are owners instead of renters. The home owner is invariably a conservative citizen. He isn't listening to every radical fanatic that happens around, and, above all, he has a feeling of community responsibility. On the other hand, a community in which a majority of workers are renters is the district that is most troubled by strikes and other industrial disorders. A bank is the first institution feeling the pinch of industrial stagnation. Therefore we have every object in the world in loaning money largely to individuals wishing to build homes, and most bankers sincerely endeavor to induce depositors to do so. But, on the other hand, the banker is a judge of valuation; that's his business; that's why depositors seek his advice, because they know that he makes values of local real estate a study. In the last two years the banker noted the tremendous decrease in labor efficiency, and noted the refusal of building-trades labor to go from war-time to peace-time wages and building-material men to give honest values. The bankers knew that sooner or later sanity would obtain in the building-trades industry. They noted with alarm the increasing rents, and, as rents are solely stabilized by the law of supply and demand, it was absolutely certain that rents would not come down—on the contrary, would increase—so long as there were more tenants than houses. The banker realized that this was dangerous to any community, but was compelled to let sound judgment prevail over his sympathies. It was all right, from a sympathetic standpoint, to let a man who has saved a thousand dollars have three thousand dollars more to purchase a home; but if the house was only worth twenty-five hundred dollars when finished, or at least when times returned to normal, not only would the banker lose, but he would be instrumental in wiping out what probably was the lifetime savings of a worker. Therefore, no matter where his sympathies might be, the banker can do nothing else but refuse to loan on a security that he knows full well is not backed up by honest valuation."

I have visited the president of one of the large banks in Chicago many times during the past two years. Each time I have seen him he has talked about the plans for building a twelve-million-dollar banking house. The plans have been O.K.'d and the contract ready to let for nearly two and a half years. This president is one of Samuel Gompers's most ardent supporters in banking circles. He is a man whose sympathies are entirely with labor, yet he has found it impossible to let the contract for constructing this giant building that would give over two years' work to a great force of men, because of the inability to get a building contractor to name a figure anywhere near the bounds of reason. He had even considered having the building constructed by day labor, but when the terms were put up to him and he had talked with other men who had had large buildings constructed recently, he threw up his hands in disgust. He is extremely anxious to start work to-morrow morning, and so are hundreds of others in the same city, if they could get a run for their money; but this banker pointed out the public censure that he would instantly receive if he invested twelve million dollars of his depositors' funds at the present outrageous cost of construction. Yet I have seldom seen a man so anxious to do a thing as this banker is to build a great banking institution; it is a hobby with him. But again sound judgment overcomes the desire to satisfy a hobby, even though the bank desperately needs new quarters.

Stories of this kind can be found in any large city of the United States. Never has there been a period in the history of this country where there was so great a demand to build in almost every city, village, and hamlet throughout the Nation as during the past two years. However, war-time wages and ruinous combinations between building-trades and building-material men have placed building loans, in thousands of cases, beyond the pale of sound banking policy.

During the past two months in many cities building-trades labor has shown an inclination to adjust itself to peace-time conditions and manifested a desire to return to the old standard of working efficiency. Building-material men in these places have adjusted their prices to reasonable profit, and, as a result, building activity has immediately been resumed. Bankers in these cities have shown not only a willingness, but an earnest desire, to give necessary financial assistance, proving that wherever building-material men and building-trades labor can guarantee the investor a hundred cents' worth of service for a dollar they find the bankers of the United States standing behind them with both feet.

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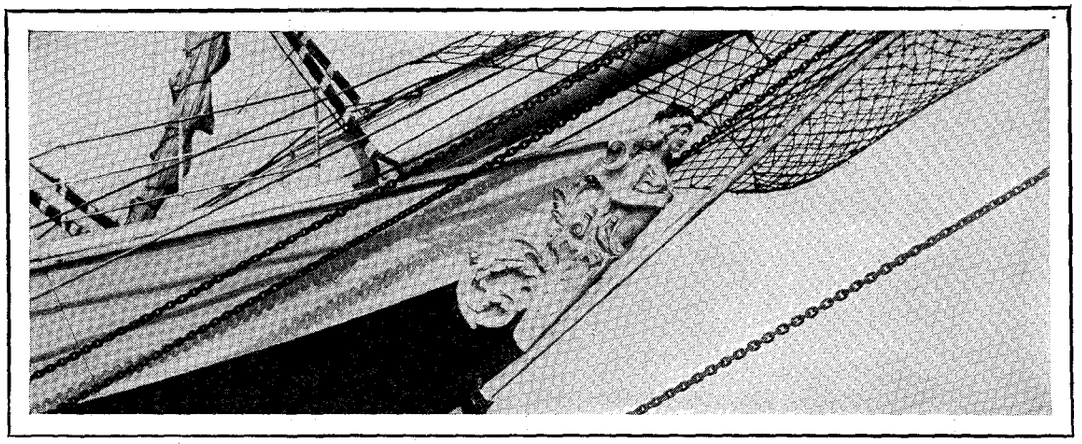
THE LACQUER BOX

A TALE OF THE CLIPPER SHIPS[1]

BY MEADE MINNIGERODE



IT is a debatable question whether husbands, no matter how devoted, always tell their wives everything. And the more a man's wife protests that such is the case, the less liable is it to be true.

Now that little black and gold lacquered box in the mother-of-pearl cabinet of Felicity Parsons's front parlor in the little house near the Bowling Green. Felicity Parsons—Felicity Moore that was—always would have you understand that she knew all about it.

". . . it was a gift to my husband," she would assure you. "From the Shogun himself. A special mark of favor. It was presented to him at a great ceremony in Yeddo—into his own hands. He has often described the scene to me. . . ."

To their little son Matthew she would often tell the same story, at times when the lad had begged to be shown the treasures of the cabinet.

"Show me all the pretty things, mother, please. . . . Daddy's things. . . ."

All the hundred and one things of ivory, and gold, and jade, satinwood, brocade, and amber, which his father, Gamaliel Parsons, the master mariner, had brought back with him from the gleaming Orient in overflowing hampers.

". . . the little shiny box there, all black and gold. That's lacquer—from a place called Japan. It's very far away, yes, dear—"

"And did daddy get it there?"

"Yes. It was given to him at a great reception by the Shogun himself—"

"What's a Shogun, mother?"

"He's a sort of governor, and wears long swords in his belt and carries a fan."

"Oh, mother! Not a fan! Why does he carry a fan?"

"Yes, dear; all Japanese gentlemen carry fans, and they walk on wooden shoes—your father has often told me. . . . He prizes the box very highly—more than everything else in the cabinet. . . ."

On one occasion Matthew had managed to get his hands on the precious box without being seen. It was rectangular in shape, all smooth and black on the outside, with a beautiful crest of gold circles repeated three times on the lid and on the sides. All around it was twined a red-and-gold silk cord with heavy knots and tassels. It simply cried out loud to be opened!

Of course Matthew had no way of knowing that it was an official despatch box and that the golden circles were the crest of one of the greatest nobles in the land; nor yet whose fingers had last touched those heavy silken tassels with the braided bows. Matthew unfastened the cord quickly and peeped inside the box.

The interior was all smooth and shiny, like the outside, but reddish gold in color. There was nothing at all in the box except a shriveled up bit of wood, like a twig or a piece of a branch, which rattled dryly around from side to side as Matthew shook the box.

"There's nothing but an old stick!" he said to himself.

But he left it there. He tied the cords together again and put the box back in its place; nor for some reason did he ever ask about the twig inside when his mother was telling the story. Possibly because he would have been spanked for ever having touched the box.

". . . given to my husband by the Shogun himself—into his own hands as a mark of favor. Gamaliel has often told me about it. . . ."

No doubt. But, as a matter of fact, the box was *not* given to Gamaliel by the Shogun. As a mark of favor, if you like, and into his own hands, certainly; but not by the Shogun—not by the Shogun. . . .

Gamaliel Parsons had spent almost his entire life around shipyards and in ships—his father was a shipbuilder in the yard of Samuel Ackley, at the foot of Pelham Stret, on the East River—and when he was only six years old he had been taken to see the launching of Mr. John Jacob Astor's Beaver from the new Eckford yard, at Clinton Street.

Small wonder that he should have grown up to yearn for a seafaring life, with the ships all around and above him, and the mariners' tales of distant flowery lands, golden-roofed pagodas and temple bells booming in the dusk, filling his mind and the sailor songs forever ringing in his ears.

To New York town I'll bid adieu.
To my lovely Kate and pretty Sue,
Good-by, fare ye well,
Our anchor's weighed and our sails unfurled,
And we're bound to plow the watery world,
And say we're outward bound,
Hurrah, we're outward bound.
And when we get to Malabar,
Or some other port not quite so far,
Good-by, fare ye well,
Our captain will our wants supply,
And while we've grub we'll never say die,
And say we're outward bound,
Hurrah, we're outward bound. . . .

Songs such as this, and "Maimuna, Lovely Maimuna:"

The boatmen shout, 'tis time to part,
No longer can we stay,
'Twas then Maimuna taught my heart
How much a glance can say. . . .
Through tear-dimmed eyes beamed looks of love,
Her arms she round me flung—
As clings the breeze on sighing grove,
Upon my breast she hung. . . .

And so when the swiftly searching rovers began putting out from Balti-

[1] This is the fourth of a series of Sea Tales. Two more stories will be published in subsequent issues.

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more, and from Norfolk, and Charleston, and Savannah, to write the glorious romance of 1812 into the annals of Yankee shipping, Gamaliel ran away to sea.

". . . away to sea in a saucy raider," as he wrote his father.

Not that he had very far to run—out to the end of the wharf in Mr. Ackley's yard and aboard of a schooner bound for Baltimore—and it is doubtful whether his father would have tried to stop him. But it served Gamaliel's romantic nature to imagine that he had run away, along with the best of his blue-water sailor heroes.

He was fifteen years old, and big and strong for his age, and they shipped him aboard the Chaser in Baltimore, as boy, and powder monkey, and what not.

The most beautiful vessel ever turned out of Baltimore was the Chaser, a miraculously fast privateer schooner, carrying sixteen long twelve-pounders and a hundred or more officers, sailors, and marines. A thin black hull under towering masts and billowing snow-white canvas. One among some five hundred of her sisters who went forth to dance like tantalizing phantoms, in and out of the British Channel and the Irish Sea, under the noses and around the sterns of the lumbering great ships of the line.

". . . that infernal Yankee fly-by-night!" her pursuers called her.

That was after she had taken eighteen merchantmen and sent a captured boat ashore with a document, which she begged leave to have posted in Lloyd's Coffee House, setting forth that—

". . . the American Letter of Marque Schooner Chaser, out of Baltimore, and more recently in and out of every roadstead in his Britannic Majesty's inland waters, hereby gives notice to all whom it may concern that she will henceforth put into effect a blockade of said waters, and of the coasts of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. . . ."

Whereupon she sailed along the coast of Ireland, from Wexford to Carrickfergus, flying at her masthead the impudent signal, "Catch me if you can!"

They split their topgallantsails and royals chasing after her, those British ships of the line, and damned her from one shoal water to the next, but, like sportsmen and sailors, they toasted her ruefully in every cabin.

". . . to the unmentionable Chaser—and when we catch her, we'll burn her. And to her gallant captain—damn his eyes—and long may he sail—

Back—back—back to Baltimore!
Where he won't trouble us—any more!
We will catch his fly-by-night,
We will put her crew to flight,
But her gallant captain—back—
We'll send him back—
To Baltimore. . . .

Needless to say, Gamaliel had the time of his romantic life, helping to enforce the Chaser's "blockade" with all the enthusiasm of his lusty young limbs and with many a laugh at an ill-fated wallowing merchantman.

"Prize crew, ready to go aboard . . ."

And a strenuous time of it too, for the Chaser was of the kind that always preferred a gentlemanly fight against whatever odds, just for the fun of it, and the devil of it, to the more sordid attractions of less well defended booty.

Like that night in Fayal Roads . . . .

It was in 1814, when the Chaser—as yet uncaptured and unburned, and more damned than ever—had put into the Azores for water and much-needed supplies.

"A strange sail!" shouted the lookout. "One, two, three, sails ho!"

A strange sail, indeed—one, two, three of them: the seventy-four-gun ship-of-the-line Plantagenet, no less, the thirty-eight-gun frigate Rota, the war brig Carnation—an overpowering squadron, and the Chaser trapped in Fayal Roads. . . .

"To quarters—to quarters!" rang the cry, and Gamaliel tightened his belt and rolled up his breeches above his bare knees. It would be a rare battle there, under the moon, and worthy to be the Chaser's last fight, if such it proved to be, and it seemed as though it could not be otherwise.

The squadron closed in, and across the quiet waters of Fayal Roads came the attacking flotilla, four hundred men in twelve boats, and with a howitzer in the bow of each boat, to "take the Chaser alive!"

"Ready to repel boarders!" roared the Chaser's commander. "Over the side, every mother's son. . . ."

Gamaliel was among the first to go. Over the side they dropped into the boats, with flashing cutlasses in each hand—shouting, slashing, lunging maniacs, screaming devils let loose in those crowded boat-loads. . . .

It was all over very quickly. Many of the boats drifted away with only one or two left alive, some of them floated ashore filled with dead bodies. When the Chaser's men had cleared out one boat, they leaped into the water to swim to the next. One hundred and twenty men killed, one hundred and thirty wounded, was the Plantagenet's report to the Admiralty. The Chaser had lost two dead and seven wounded!

And then they let her go! It was all so unexpected, perhaps, there was the danger of bombarding Fayal—possibly they thought that she deserved it! At all events, the Chaser gathered in her dripping crew and sailed straight out through the squadron.

"Back—back—back to Baltimore. . . ."

And as she passed them the Chaser dipped her colors. They fought each other like gentlemen in those days.

There was no prouder lad in all the length of State Street or under the trees of the Battery Park than Gamaliel returned from the wars in all the glory of his glittering uniform, for they had made him an officer aboard the Chaser. And no handsomer, in his spotless high collar and black stock, under the snug-fitting gold-braided jacket.

They gave him a banquet at the City Hotel, under the personal supervision of Mr. Jennings.

". . . in the same room, sir, where three years ago we had the honor of banqueting Captain Decatur and Captain Hull and Captain Jones—the same dishes, sir, and the same wines. . . ."

And every young lady in town blushed discreetly under her bonnet when he sauntered into the New York Garden of an evening or into Mrs. Poppleton's fashionable confectionery shop.

And none more so than Miss Felicity Moore, the daughter of Mr. Benjamin Moore, the merchant, and by all odds the belle of the town in that day. They met, of course, over an ice.

"Mr. Parsons, late of the American privateer Chaser!"

"La—Mr. Parsons. . . ."

". . . your very humble servant!"

Fluttering hearts and sidelong glances—and Gamaliel knew that he was in greater danger than ever on that moonlit night in Fayal Roads, and squeezed the fingers of Miss Felicity Moore under the table to give himself courage.

Officers and sailors of home-coming privateers were in great demand for the blue-water merchantmen of the port, and Gamaliel sailed almost at once on one of Mr. Moore's ships for the Orient, as first mate. He was only eighteen years old. Canton, Hongkong, Foochow, Amoy, Ningpo, the Pagoda Anchorage, Anjer Point, Java Head—names that set him tingling and filled his mind with golden visions. Of course it is quite likely that Gamaliel was violently in love, which would account for the golden visions.

When he returned, they met again, Gamaliel and Felicity, in the parlor of her father's home on State Street, over a bouquet from Mr. Hogg's, the florist.

"What are you going to do now, Mr. Parsons?"

"My father and I have purchased a ship," he told her. "Out of my privileges and commissions. She will mount four guns. I am to be captain of her. She is called the Felicity Belle."

"La, Mr. Parsons. . . ."

"I will take her to China. When I return—when I return, Felicity. . . ."

"Yes—when you return, Gamaliel. . . ."

He was twenty-one years old when he sailed down the bay in the Felicity Belle, master and owner, China bound, in full uniform, with his crew maneuvering to the sound of the boatswain's pipe—like any frigate!

Only he was not China bound, not really. Even at that early date it would seem that he had adopted the policy of not telling Miss Felicity Moore *everything*, or his father either, for that matter.

No. Ever since his first voyage to the Orient Gamaliel had had a different destination in mind. A sentence or two picked up along the busy South Street wharves and remembered from boyhood days, a scrap of talk between silk-robed *typeans* overheard in a Foochow *hong*, had summoned up another golden vision on a distantly mysterious, pagodaed horizon.

". . . Jih-pun Kwoh! Jih-pun Kwoh!

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Vely fine, vely lich. . . . Kingdom flom the Sun. . . . Eulopean vely few. . . ."

The captain, also, of a Dutch East Indiaman from Batavia had put in his ponderous word to heighten the eagerness of Gamaliel's purpose:

"*Bejour, Mijnheer!* Such a blace, Nihon Te Koku! Always shpecial bermits you must haf, *kassian*, what tribulation! And crawl on your pelly when to move you haf to. . . . Everywhere the *oppaser*, the overseers, of the Shogun, and salute you must with the guns, nine times here, ten times there. . . . At every step, *socsah* — unpleasantness, indignities. . . ."

"But you go there . . . ?"

"*Ya, Mijnheer;* there is much *perkara*, good business—copper, and silk, and brecious objects — great brofits, *Mijnheer;* but *Allah!* What *kassian*. . . ."

And so now Gamaliel was bound to China, yes, to transact some business and take on some cargo. But primarily to take on his friend Ah Fung, who spoke a little English and the other language and could serve as interpreter and pilot—about as much of one as the other. They had arranged it all the time before in Foochow.

And then they were to sail for the mysterious pagodaed horizon, for Jih-pun Kwoh, Nihon Te Koku—to Yeddo Bay, to see the Shogun's *oppaser*, or the Shogun himself, whoever he might be. . . .

Iyebitsu, it happened to be, lord of the Tokugawa, and a very angry Shogun he was when the Felicity Belle rolled into Yeddo Bay and dropped her anchor without so much as a gun fired in his honor, to say nothing of the heaven-born Mikado's.

"*Naruhodo!*" exclaimed the Shogun. "*Oshü koto wo shita?*" (What goes on? or words to that effect.)

At all events, he gave a great number of orders, angrily snapping his fan from side to side, and a state sampan was soon cutting its way across the blue waters of the bay to where the Felicity Belle rode lazily, with the Stars and Stripes at the gaff. In the stern sat a white-robed dignitary, with his hair in topknot and two swords in his girdle.

"Stand by to pipe His Nibs up the side!" commanded Gamaliel. It must be remembered that he was only twenty-one.

So they piped him aboard, with his retainers all kneeling in a row on the holystoned deck, and the Felicity Belle let go with all four cannon at once, twenty-one guns, as loud as you please.

"Boom—*blam!* Boom—*blam!* Boom—*blam!* . . ."

The retainers all bumped their noses and the dignitary *almost* blinked, but the Shogun back there in his castle was delighted! No other ship—English, American, or Dutch—had ever made such a satisfying uproar before. It was really very clever of Gamaliel—first to attract the Shogun's attention by ignoring him, and then to overwhelm him with a heedless extravagance of complimentary gunpowder!

"*Ohayo!*" said His Nibs when the echoes had died away, and sucked in his breath.

"No," Gamaliel replied, politely. "New York."

"He say good-molning," put in Ah Fung hastily. "*Ohayo*, good-molning—you leply, '*Konnichiwa*,' good-day, . . . and please not to twist the face with smiling."

"Oh, pardon me," said Gamaliel. "*Konnichiwa* to you!" and the palaver was on.

For twelve days the negotiations continued, with all the pomp and paraphernalia of the Shogun's exalted state. Twelve times His Nibs came aboard, accompanied by his retainers and his scribes, to sit under the shade of the awning on the quarter-deck, after punctiliously leaving his shoes at the rail, while Ah Fung squatted solemnly before them voicing his ponderous sentences.

"*Yoku irasshaimashita* . . . a welcome to you—we leceive with joy his august coming . . . *go sonrai*. . . ."

". . . he say he come make talk of affairs . . . *üye doshite, mata negau tsumori de o makemoshimashita*. . . ."

Twelve times Gamaliel received them with all the fuss and circumstance of *his* exalted state, as the *Suishi Te Koku* of the *homaescn beikoku no*, the admiral of the American sailing ship, with his officers in full uniform grouped around him, and the boatswain piping shrilly. And every morning he hoisted his ensign and took it down at each recurring sunset to the sound of booming guns.

And at the end of the twelfth conference the Shogun, no doubt impressed by these manifestations and by the reports of his envoy, gave his gracious consent to the loading into the Felicity Belle of a cargo of copper and silk which made Gamaliel turn giddy when he appraised it; and for two days and nights the hatches were swarming with naked *ninsoku*, bringing the merchandise aboard from the waiting sampans.

"Vely cheap—vely fine—vely lich!" crowed Ah Fung.

"And not so much *kassian*, and no *soesah* at all!" thought Gamaliel. "Guess I can do *perkara* with these folks better than the Dutch. . . ."

And then His Nibs came back once again, wearing several extra kimonos and a funny black hat with long streamers, in a state of exceptional solemnity, and presented an invitation to Gamaliel from the Shogun to attend an audience in his honor on shore.

"Sure!" said Gamaliel.

"*Makoto in yolokobashiu gozaimasu!*" interpreted Ah Fung.

"*Sore wa kyoetsu de gozaimasu!*" said the envoy. "The same to you and many of them. . . ."

So Gamaliel went ashore in the longboat, with his officers and the indispensable Ah Fung, very much becollared and bestocked, all a-glitter with gold braid and epaulets, and grinning from ear to ear. At twenty-one these things simply cannot be taken seriously!

"*Konnichiwa* to you!" he remarked, as he stepped ashore amid the thumping of drums and the booming of gongs, while the solemn-faced *oppasers* of the Shogun with the funny black hats bowed to the ground before him.

"If I have to bow like that my hat will fall off," Gamaliel warned Ah Fung.

"Please not to twist the face with smiling," pleaded the latter. "This is vely big *pelkala*—the light of a thousand eyes beats upon you, thoughtless one. . . ."

"All right. What's this green stuff? Am I supposed to drink it? . . .

"Celemonial tea," prompted Ah Fung. "Dlink him vely quick—it tasting of a hundled evil thoughts. . . ."

After that they "progressed." There is no other word for it—they simply progressed, in slow and ritualistic state. In gorgeous, ponderously swinging red-and-gold palanquins, surrounded by bronze-armored body-guards wearing fantastic masks and helmets made of straw. Under the fluttering of embroidered feudal banners and brightly colored paper *hata*, to the sound of weirdly strumming instruments and screaming cymbals, shaken by the thumpings of unexpected drum beats. From the landing stage to the Shogun's gold-incrusted gates, bowing to the homage of a thousand bending knees.

"*Suishi Te Koku! Banzai! Banzai!* Hurrah for the Admiral! . . ."

It was all very gorgeous and very stirring, very far removed from the Battery Park, from the placidity of State Street, from the shadowy quiet of Miss Felicity Moore's front parlor. . . .

There was a state banquet after the audience, a great *chiso* in the black-lacquered feasting hall, with the Tokugawa crested hangings glittering mistily behind the thin blue clouds of incense floating from a hundred gleaming braziers.

"Pinch me!" said Gamaliel to Ah Fung.

"Please not to twist the face with smiling," replied the latter. "Pletend to eat, and do not put the thumb in the lice bowl. . . ."

Course after course—*chawanmushi, nisakana, shiwoyaki, arai, torinabe gyunabe, tsukemono, naradzuke* . . . soups, boiled fish, broiled fish, raw meat sliced from a living flopping fish, stews, pickles—and *gozen*, rice, rice, and more rice—all on lacquer trays with ebony chopsticks. . . .

And the staccato twanging of *samisen*, and the rhythmic swaying of perfumed dancing-girls—and tea and cake—and *sake*, fiery, choking *sake*, that goes to the head a little when one is only twenty-one and sitting in front of the Tokonoma beside the Shogun, surrounded by his princely daimyos. . . .

All very far removed from the shadowy quiet of Miss Felicity Moore's front parlor. . . .

There was an entertainment after the banquet in the palace gardens—jugglers and acrobats and wrestlers, under the glow of a million paper lanterns. The official ceremonies were over, and the

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Shogun had retired, leaving his guests to enjoy the freedom of his moonlit lake and fountains and regain the ship at their own good pleasure.

It was then that the Lady, Hasu No Hana *San*, the Lotos Flower, daughter of the Daimyo Matsudaira, Lord of Echizen, forgetful of the proprieties surrounding her high estate, determined that she would walk in the fragrant dusk of her august father's park, adjoining the gardens of the Shogun. It was a pleasant hour in which to stroll, and might there not possibly be a glimpse to be caught of the Suishi Te Koku? . . . Possibly. . . . When one is eighteen, and very willful, and *very* daintily beautiful, one thinks but little of the proprieties.

At all events, Gamaliel caught a glimpse of the Lady Hasu No Hana as she strolled on tiny wooden *geta*, and determined that *he* also would walk in the fragrant dusk of her august father's park. One comes to such determinations at twenty-one.

"Do not!" warned Ah Fung. "It is vely bad *pelkala*. . . ."

"*Konnichiwa*, you lovely lady!" said Gamaliel, bowing very low with his hat in his hand.

"*Komban wa!*" said the Lady Hasu No Hana, tittering behind her fan. . . .

"What does she say—what does she say?"

"She say, good-evening," muttered Ah Fung. "You honor her humble garden. . . . Please to come away vely quick," he added, pulling at Gamaliel's sleeve.

The Lady Hasu No Hana laughed. Gamaliel smiled with twinkling eyes. Ah Fung peered this way and that, clicking his tongue.

"Shall I?" Gamaliel asked, pointing to himself and to the gardens of the Shogun behind him.

And it seemed to him that the Lady Hasu No Hana frowned, ever so slightly, as at a disagreeable thought, and shook her perfumed head ever so quickly, as at the dismissal of such a thought. So it goes at eighteen and twenty-one, when one is a daimyo's daughter and an American "admiral," under an Oriental moon.

And so Gamaliel remained in the park of the Daimyo Matsudaira, Lord of Echizen, and conversed with the Lady, his daughter, Hasu No Hana *San*, the Lotos Flower, while Ah Fung stood between them like a statue, voicing in flowery sentences the things that one says at eighteen and twenty-one.

"Tell her she is very beautiful. . . ."

". . . ask him if he will come again. . . ."

"She say her name Hasu No Hana—and you name—"

"*Gamarieru*. . . . She say him funny name. . . . Please to come away now vely quick—"

". . . *omae wa suki da* . . . say to him, I like you!" and a little torrent of mischievous laughter.

And then suddenly the park of the Lord Matsudaira was filled with the sound of running footsteps and clinking armor and angry outcries, and the light from many-crested hanging lanterns came bobbing through the trees, driving dancing shadows to the spot where the Lady Hasu No Hana stood, unmindful of the proprieties.

"Please to come away vely quick!" chattered Ah Fung. "This is vely bad *pelkala*—many men come this way with bows and allows—I do not seek to join my ancestols in this palk. . . ."

"Not on your life!" exclaimed Gamaliel. "We aren't doing anything wrong. Tell them I'll blow their whole town off the chart if they stir a finger!"

But no one stirred now, except the Lady Hasu No Hana, and she had stepped forward into the circle of light, facing the kneeling rabble. All around them the air was filled with pikes and spears and bamboo staves and arrows drawn back to the bow, in the hands of helmeted retainers posing like statues in the orange glare.

"*Hei!*" she said to them, petulantly. "*Wakarimasen*. . . . I do not understand—why do you come, threatening?"

"*O Hasu No Hana! Sagasu*, . . ." they replied. "We search for you, . . ." and their angry voices rose again, sharper than the gleaming spear heads, higher than the dancing lanterns, more hostile than the crested warriors grimacing in the shadows.

"They vely angly!" whispered Ah Fung. "They ask why you standing in galden—they call him saclilege. In a minute they send us to seek the ancestols—me vely much solly go so soon. . . ."

"Rubbish!" began Gamaliel, impetuously. "Tell the squinting buckos . . ." but Ah Fung silenced him with quick gestures.

"Do not annoy with talk," he said. "Lemain in silence—the Lady, she is speaking, vely fine. . . ."

She was speaking now, very earnestly, with haughty looks and dainty movements of her slender hands, and under the spell of her words the angry cries were shrinking like a receding tide, while from the upturned faces before her came the hissing of breaths respectfully drawn in.

"What is she saying—what is she saying?"

"It is vely fine!" smiled Ah Fung. "She has the wisdom of a multitude of sages! She say you come make audience—make excuse foleign custom—you catchee?"

"I see—go on. . . ."

"She say you will take gleeting in box to the Shogun in Amelika, flom the gleat Daimyo Matsudaila. She speak to them with the tongue, but with the fan she say to you, pletend him tlue, vely quick please! It is vely fine talk!"

"I see!" said Gamaliel. "What was that she said before?" he added, quite irrelevantly. "*Omae wa suki da?*"

And now she had finished talking, and the retainers and servitors fell aside while the Lady Hasu No Hana passed between them out into the shadows.

"She go bling box," explained Ah Fung.

For a time no one stirred in the park of the Lord of Echizen, and then with little footsteps she returned.

"Pletend, now vely quick pletend!" prompted Ah Fung.

In her hands she carried a box of black lacquer, rectangular in shape, with a crest of gold circles repeated three times on the lid and on the sides. All around it was twined a red-and-gold silk cord with heavy knots and tassels.

"It is a *jobako*," whispered Ah Fung. "The box of document, with the clest of gold and the led lope alound—vely big *pelkala*. Him seeing, not stopping him who callies. You take him and pletend, and we go vely quick. . . ."

The Lady Hasu No Hana sank to her knees before Gamaliel and bowed three times, while behind her the foreheads of her retainers touched the ground. Then she held the box up, its heavy silken tassels swinging gently.

"She say, please to accept this box," murmured Ah Fung. "And—*and go vely quick*—and take him gleeting to the Shogun in Amelika, flom the gleat . . . *flom the Lady Hasu No Hana!*" he corrected himself hastily with a nervous look around him.

And the Lady Hasu No Hana smiled quite unexpectedly up into Gamaliel's eyes.

"She say, Amelikan *Suishi* please to lememba. . . . I do not know what foolish thing she say!" Ah Fung concluded.

"I know what she said!" smiled Gamaliel. "And I also say *omae wa suki da*—I *like* you, . . ." and he looked deeply into the eyes of the Lady Hasu No Hana.

Then he took the box and bowed three times, and she bowed three times more in return, and then through the ranks of prostrate servitors, followed by the inscrutable Ah Fung, Gamaliel passed out of the park of the Daimyo Matsudaira, Lord of Echizen, and from the presence of the Lady his daughter, Hasu No Hana *San*, the Lotos Flower.

And probably simply because there was nothing to tell, he never told Miss Felicity Moore about the Lady, nor of the manner in which she had given him the black-and-gold lacquered box with the silk tassels and braided knots—nor about the sprig of apple blossom which was in the box.

He could not have told her about that, in any case, since he never opened the box, and so could never have known that the Lady Hasu No Hana had placed it there while she was passing through the shadows of her august father's park.

Which was perhaps one reason why, even after many days when little Matthew looked at it, the box simply cried out loud to be opened. . . .

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THE BOOK TABLE

BEHIND THE LINES[1]

IT has been said that every battle is won or lost behind the lines. The soldier cannot fight and win unless he is fed, clothed, armed, supplied with ample ammunition, moved to the place where he is needed. The work of the S. O. S. (Service of Supplies) is complicated and arduous. Its slogan is, "We Deliver the Goods." Now in the A. E. F. this vast, laborious task rested primarily on the shoulders of General Harbord, and his right-hand man was Charles G. Dawes, General Purchasing Agent—and much else. Mr. Hoover had his eye on Dawes and had selected him to be the head of a board to control grain prices, declaring, "I can find a hundred men who will make better lieutenant-colonels of engineers, and I want you right here." But General Pershing knew Dawes of old—they used to joke one another in their palatial headquarters in France about their old days in Lincoln, Nebraska, and the ten-cent lunch-room they patronized. Pershing knew that Dawes was, above all things, an organizer of men and material. Naturally the American Commander-in-Chief had his way. Almost at once Dawes was intrusted with the transportation as well as purchase of supplies, and soon was added to his burdens the troublesome matter of labor, and then the thorny duty of establishing a *liaison* with the Allies. This last entailed the idea of bringing about a Military Board of Allied Supply, and when this was established General Dawes became the American representative on the Board. It was as hard to get unified action on supplies as it was to get unified military control, and the two efforts ran along parallel lines of delay until Germany's fiercest offensive brought home suddenly the imperative need of unity.

When General Dawes became Director of the Budget a few weeks ago, he forthwith made a speech which some one said put the budget on the first page of the newspapers and changed a dull economic discussion into a live, fighting issue. The man who could do that may be depended upon to tell with vigor and precision the things he saw in the war. His book is not a military or political history of the war. It mainly consists of diaries and comments written from time to time and now enlarged and connected. In order that he might write with freedom, General Dawes kept these journals locked up in a safe-deposit box and went to his bankers now and then to make the entries. Consequently there are many comments and statements that simply could not have been made public until the war was over. Even now it has been wisely decided to omit names in many cases. We are not told, for instance, who was the man of whom it was said that to argue with him was like throwing baseballs at a feather bed. Nor do we know of what American diplomat it is averred that "to pass an ultimatum through —— is like trying to pass live steam from a locomotive boiler to the cylinders through a rubber hose."

One of the pleasantest things in this work is the personal appreciation of General Pershing. Through a hundred different familiar touches here and there we have a portrait of the American commander which humanizes him and brings out the traits of his character better than anything else printed. Dawes and Pershing, as we have said, were warm personal friends years before the war. The author talks about his commander-in-chief with no concealment of deep personal affection for him, but without any effort to paint him in exaggerated colors. Pershing's modesty is indicated in the remark he made when told after he had been placed in command that he would surely become the great hero of the war. "John" (Dawes loves to call Pershing John) replied: "Tell me one man who started in this war in supreme command who lasted. What I am going to do is simply the best I can, and there is nothing in what you say worth thinking about." What Dawes says of King Albert might well apply also to Pershing as Dawes found him. "I have never met a man whom I really considered a great man who was not always natural and simple. Affectation is inevitably the mark of one not sure of himself." As to Pershing's methods of work, we are told: "He has an immense faculty for disposing of things. He is not only a great soldier, but he has great common sense and tremendous energy."

MAJOR-GENERAL HARBORD (LEFT), COMMANDING GENERAL SERVICE OF SUPPLY, WITH THE GENERAL PURCHASING AGENT, GENERAL DAWES

As an instance of the playful way in which General Dawes talks about his Commander-in-Chief we must quote one already much-quoted story:

> I saw him [Pershing] looking at me, notwithstanding the sound of the cannon and the general surroundings, with the look of mingled friendliness, admonition, and concern which characterizes his expression during some of my interviews with his better-disciplined military associates. It led me to make a hasty self-appraisement of my attitude, in which, however, I could surmise no fault. He spoke to Harbord, and the latter walked across the road to me. As Harbord carefully buttoned up my overcoat, which was opened, including the hooks at the top, he murmured in my ear, "This is a hell of a job for the Chief of Staff—but the General told me to do it." Some soldiers told me that in England there was a kodak taken of John with one breast pocket unbuttoned. For this picture I am going to search that country—to use it for justifiable defensive personal purposes.

And as a final illustration of the author's estimate of General Pershing's patriotism, we may repeat what he says of his leader's personal unselfishness: "I feel as sure of the willingness of General Pershing to make a sacrifice of personal prestige for the sake of the common good as I should of Abraham Lincoln if he were in his place. And that is the most any one could say."

New light is thrown on the much-discussed question of the disposition of the American troops in France. It is now perfectly evident that Pershing's great ambition and hope from the beginning was that a unified American army should be established which should be used for a definite object and in a definite field. But also from the beginning there was a not unnatural effort on the part of both the English and French to persuade America to scatter its troops in small units throughout the British and French lines. Under date of January 28, 1918, General Dawes writes: "General Bliss has acceded to the idea [that is, of dispersion]. General Pershing is obdurate in his position against it." We are told also that "John" at this crisis showed notable firmness and strength: "The President of France, the British authorities, Lloyd George, General Bliss — all arrayed against John—mean nothing to him except as they present reason."

All the world knows how, when the German offensive was at its height, General Pershing put everything he had and everything he was at the disposal of General Foch; but all the world does not know how serious were some of the discussions between the great leaders on points of policy. Thus, as late as September, 1918, the question of the unity

[1] A Journal of the Great War. By Charles G. Dawes, Brigadier-General Engineers. 2 vols. Illustrated. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $10.

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of the American Army in its operation was brought to a point; General Dawes gives us this remarkable account:

> General Pershing told me of his violent interview with Marshal Foch of last Saturday. While notes were taken of the interview, they will never indicate how important and intense was the issue. At one time Foch told Pershing he would appeal to the President of the United States. It ended with John's success. But I will say here that if any weaker or less able man than John Pershing had been confronted with this crisis, the American army, which is the pride of our nation and will ever be in history, would have been dissipated and a common victory rendered less certain. And yet Foch and Pershing are great friends and will always be so. Each admires the other. Unusual men take unusual methods of expression at times, but they never misunderstand each other. The sincerity of both Foch and Pershing, their common and sacred purpose, their common ability, bind them closely together. But when General Foch said, "I accept," he had yielded the American army its proper place in history. This was due to General Pershing, and to him alone, under circumstances which no other man in any of the three armies in my judgment could have mastered. Pershing is incomparably the strongest character I have ever known.

From this time on the American Army, although lacking some of its divisions, was fought and maneuvered practically as a unit. What followed in the Argonne will remain a brilliant and memorable chapter of history for all time.

Unity in gathering and handling supplies was obtained also, and it is very evident that this form of unity came chiefly through the efforts of General Dawes. What he was aiming at and what he finally attained is indicated in his long letter on the subject to General Pershing as Commander-in-Chief, written April 13, 1918. In this letter he says:

> Who knows to-day, considering the Allied forces as one army, whether or not the great supplies of steel, oil, barbed wire, rubber tires, chloroform, sugar, picks and shovels, forage, clothing, etc., existing in France, England, and the United States are being marshaled in Foch's rear by the quickest routes to proper points, to warehouses built or to be built, considering both present and future needs and the present military emergency? In this present great military emergency shall we again pursue the time-worn policy of appointing an Allies Board to secure this information, and then, after long delay, subject the self-evident conclusions arising therefrom to the discussion of three separate authorities, influenced by personal or national considerations, personal ambitions, and counter-purposes?

This admirably states the difficulty. The solution was not precisely the same as in the military field, but after very great reluctance on the part of Great Britain things came to a climax and the Military Board of Allied Supply was put in operation with success and proved a big military asset. General Dawes is usually good-natured in his comment on carping war critics who did nothing but find fault. Here is one instance, however, when he rightly "boiled over:"

> One of our officers has been criticising Belgium, saying it is not playing its part. *"Belgium not playing its part!"* Belgium—twenty miles long by six miles wide—all under bombardment—holding the line as Russia did not! Belgium, ground to atoms under the heel of Germany because it did "play its part" and fought like a tiger against overwhelming odds until a battle of the Marne *could* be fought, and a world saved!

To read a book like this is to be constantly tempted to quote. The fact that it is written in an offhand and unstudied way certainly makes it peculiarly readable. It is not a history, but it is valuable as affording authentic and first-hand material for more elaborate historical studies. It is brimming over with energy and vitality.

R. D. TOWNSEND.

THE NEW BOOKS

FICTION

DONOVAN CHANCE (THE). By Francis Lynde. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.60.

A spirited tale, sure to be liked by boys and young men. The two lads in the story find splendid chances to be of use in an exciting war of railway construction between two rival lines. The action moves briskly, the plot holds one in suspense, and there is fun as well as excitement.

ENTHUSIAST (AN). By E. Œ. Somerville. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. $2.

With Martin Ross the author wrote "Some Experiences of an Irish R. M.," a book notable for its vivid and humorous glimpses of Irish life. The present book pictures Ireland torn between the Sinn Fein and the Unionists. The point of view is mainly that of Irish (not English) landowners who want peace and prosperity.

LARAMIE HOLDS THE RANGE. By Frank H. Spearman. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.

A story of conflict between cattle owners and cattle rustlers, with as hero a fighting man who rides straight and tells the truth, and is consequently feared or hated by the evil-doers on both sides. The book might be called a super-cowboy story, for it is in every way superior to most books of this class—not less exciting, but more reasonable and better constructed.

PILGRIM OF A SMILE (THE). By Norman Davey. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $2.00.

This is clever, cynical, and humorous, although some of the episodes are in doubtful taste. The connecting idea for the episodes is thus described by the publisher: "'I want to know why you smile.' This was the favor Matthew Sumner asked the Sphinx. His three companions had asked for wealth, fame, and the love of a beautiful woman. All wishes were granted, but at the end, when the men had returned to the Sphinx, Matthew had found out why she smiled. She had led him through the gauntlet of human miseries, illusions, and mockeries—in the maze of mortal frailty he found the cause of her smile." So he asked for death.

BOOKS FOR YOUNG FOLKS

BENGAL FAIRY TALES. By F. B. Bradley-Birt. Illustrated by Abanindranath Tagore. The John Lane Company, New York. $15.

This book should interest those who care for Oriental folk-lore. Though its language is adapted to young readers, its text is not always appropriate for their reading.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

MYSTERIOUS INDIA. By Robert Chauvelot. Illustrated. Translated by Eleanor Stimson Brooks. The Century Company, New York. $3.50.

India, land of mystery and enchantment, lends itself peculiarly to the descriptive talent of the French as a theme for rhapsodical rhetoric. The author furnishes us with a modicum of this, but also tells us much in soberer Anglo-Saxon fashion about the cities, temples, and peoples of India. His descriptions are often amusing and always vivacious. Numerous photographic snapshots enliven the pages.

TRAILMAKERS OF THE NORTHWEST. By Paul Leland Haworth. Illustrated. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. $2.50.

Dealing mainly with the great country which was dominated for a long period of its history by the Hudson's Bay Company, this book gives a graphic picture of the early explorers, trappers, and settlers, their struggles with Indians, wild beasts, and a trying climate. It is full of the spirit of the primitive life of the wilds and furnishes stimulating reading.

MISCELLANEOUS

SPIRIT. By E. P. S. H. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 75 cents.

This little book, introduced to the reader by Dr. Richard C. Cabot with the assurance that "it contains no errors in statement of fact, and that the advice given in it will be found to stand the test of time and experience," seems to us to contain a great deal of valuable truth in a very limited space. The preface states that "it has recently been estimated by highest medical authority that over one-half of the cases of illness seen by the physicians of this country are of nervous origin." This book assumes that the spirit in man has great power over the nervous system, and shows how by a wise self-control, coupled with faith in the Great Spirit and fellowship with Him in prayer, this control can be so exercised as to prevent, and in many instances to cure, nervous disorders.

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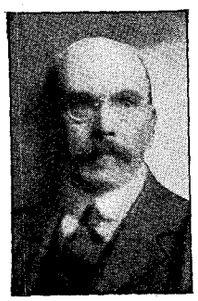

ROBERT DONALDSON TOWNSEND has been managing editor of The Outlook since 1897. He was born in Brooklyn. He received the degrees of B.A. and LL.B. at Yale, and is a member of the Connecticut bar. He is President of the Cranford, New Jersey, Free Public Library.

BURGES JOHNSON is Associate Professor of English at Vassar. He was born in Vermont in 1877, and is a graduate of Amherst. After leaving college he was a reporter on New York newspapers and has been on the literary staff of "Harper's," associate editor of "Everybody's Magazine," managing editor of "Outing Magazine," and editor-in-chief of "Judge." He has contributed extensively to magazines and is the author of numerous books for children.

MARION COUTHOUY SMITH is the author of "Dr. Marks," "The Road of Life, and Other Poems," "The Final Star," and other volumes. It was Miss Smith's memorial poem, "The Star," which was selected by Mrs. Douglas Robinson for publication on a flyleaf of her recent volume, "My Brother, Theodore Roosevelt."

FRANK ALBERT WAUGH has done newspaper work in Topeka, Helena, and Denver. He has been Professor of Horticulture and Landscape Gardening at the Massachusetts Agricultural College, at Amherst, since 1902. During the war he was captain in the Sanitary Corps.

O. GARFIELD JONES is Professor of Political Science at Toledo University. He contributed several notable articles on Philippine politics and independence to The Outlook in 1913.

SHERMAN ROGERS is at present studying industrial and civic conditions in the West, especially in Arkansas, Colorado, and Idaho.

GREGORIO NIEVA lives in Manila and is managing editor of the "Philippine Review." He was secretary of the 1906 Provincial Governors' Convention, which was the forerunner of the present Legislature. He was secretary to the Speaker of the House and of the first Philippine Assembly, and was twice member of the House and of the 1919 Philippine Mission to the United States. He has been a member of the Board of Directors of the Philippine Chamber of Commerce. He was nominated Vice-President for the Philippines of the Press Congress of the World, which meets in Honolulu next month.

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NOTES ON THE SILVER BAY CONFERENCE

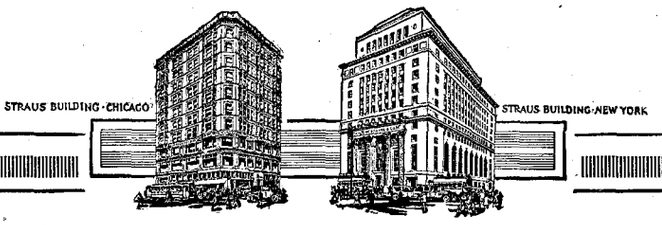
BY KINGSLEY MOSES

VALUABLE and informative to the student of industrial economics, the Conference recently held under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association at Silver Bay, New York, was noteworthy primarily for the fact that due emphasis was laid upon the thesis that there is no single magic cure-all or remedy for industrial ills.

We live in an age much inclined to dependence upon mental miracles; the acquisition of wisdom through mnemonic systems, the attainment of wealth through formulæ, the cultivation of the social graces as result of perusal of pert paragraphs in theatrical programmes. Tabloid intellectual nourishment is in high esteem, and the epigram has made obsolete the essay.

It is no wonder, then, that so often one discovers that the seeker after knowledge would rather gulp down a generality than masticate a mass of sound economic truth. It is naturally more agreeable to gobble the "split-second sophistry" than to digest Smith's "Wealth of Nations."

So if nothing else came out of the Silver Bay Conference save appreciation of the accuracy of the expression that "a solution for the problems of industry is not to be found in forms," the



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meeting was worth while. This sentence, quoted by Mr. Rosebush, president of one of the large Wisconsin paper companies, from the conclusions of the noted Canadian Dr. W. L. Mackenzie King, and further emphasized by the findings of John R. Commons, was the foundation stone of the subsequent discussions throughout the three days of the meeting.

Mr. Rosebush's statement that it might be well to recall the fact that Sir Edward Grey said in 1916, "War could have been avoided by conference; but conference was not accepted because there was no good will," gives a fairly clear idea of what he regards as the most important factor in the solution of our industrial problem. I believe that this desire for good will is in the minds of most intelligent industrial executives to-day.

The United States Commissioner of Immigration, Mr. Husband, brought out the interesting information, during the general discussion of the three per cent Immigration Act, that both the colonies of Massachusetts Bay and of Rhode Island had restrictive immigration legislation at their very inception.

Mr. Chris Horrocks, fifty-two years a workman with the Westinghouse Air Brake Company, listed six hundred men of twenty-nine years' service with that plant, and eight hundred men of from ten to twenty-one years' service.

Mr. Horrocks also put before the Conference the terms of the widows' pension system of the Westinghouse firm, which provides an income of thirty per cent of the husband's salary to the widow so long as she lives, with ten per cent additional for each child under sixteen years—even a posthumously born infant—and payment of two years' pension in a lump sum in the event of the remarriage of the widow.

[illegible] P. Frey, of the International [illegible]rs' Union, in the most spirited, if actually acrimonious, discussion of meeting drew a sharp distinction [illegible]een the processes of production and [illegible]ribution; and, while admitting the [illegible]essity for absolute control by man[illegible]ment over distribution, insisted upon [illegible] participation of employees in certain phases of production activity.

The only successful profit-sharing plan presented to the Conference came from Mr. Harold A. Hatch, President of the Dutchess Bleachery, Wappingers Falls, New York.

The plan there in operation for a period now of four years provides:

A market wage for the industry paid to labor, and a minimum of six per cent paid to capital.

After these have been paid together with regular operating expenses, depreciation reserve, taxes, etc., and after the sinking funds have been provided for by [illegible]tting aside fifteen per cent of the net [illegible]its for labor and fifteen per cent for capital, the remaining net profits are divided, fifty per cent for capital and fifty per cent for the operative, and the

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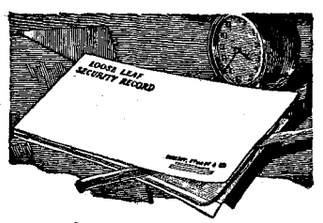

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NOTES ON THE SILVER BAY CONFERENCE *(Continued)*

latter sum is divided in proportion to the amount of each one's pay for the period. The sinking funds are designed, respectively, to guarantee capital its minimum return of six per cent during periods when this shall not have been earned, and to provide unemployment insurance for the operatives, paying half wages when the company is not able to furnish employment.

Mr. Hatch observes that, under this plan of profit-sharing, production per man has increased steadily since 1917, in one period showing an increase of almost one hundred per cent over the year of inauguration.

The consensus of general opinion of the meeting was that business showed a slight and promising improvement, the most noteworthy advance having been made by the textile manufactories of New England. The metal trades appear to have suffered the most heavily though in several cases production has reached fifty per cent of the pre-war normal. Mr. Charles R. Hook, of the American Rolling Mills, of Middletown Ohio, one of the largest single plants in the country, reported a sixty per cent figure as compared with 1914. And in this connection the observation by the president of the Carters' Ink Company that statistics should be based on 191 figures rather than upon 1918 figures was generally accepted.

Many failures in attempts to improve the conditions of employees were instanced during the Conference. Lack of the spirit of co-operation and an insistence by the operatives upon fulfillment of the last phrase and word of any agreement appeared to be the chief obstacles to any general establishment of such ideas as are involved in profit-sharing, stock purchase, or some measure of plant management by the operatives. Failure to understand the true purpose of the employer in suggesting such plans and a tendency on the part of the employed to mistrust the design of the employer seem to be responsible usually for the miscarriage of such ideas. A large manufactory of paper products has carried out a project for continuous employment for fifty-two weeks each year, and carried it out at a heavy financial sacrifice, found, when attempting to modify the agreement for this year, that the plan generously put into operation as a favor was now considered to be an inalienable right. Serious labor trouble ensued, which further embarrassed a management already heavily penalized for efforts designedly altruistic.

Labor turnover, the factor responsible for more waste than any other single item in industry, came in for its share of debate. Mr. Charles R. Towson, presiding officer of the Conference, commented: "A coal operator in Virginia says that fifty per cent of his total cost of operation is in changing labor. A logging camp reports five hundred per

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ent a month turnover. A cotton-mill operator in one year hires ninety-six men to keep twelve positions filled. A machine industry in New York State hired 18,000 men to keep 900 men at work."

THE TOUGHEST TOWN IN THE VALLEY

BY JAMES RACE

The prize-winning letters in The Outlook's third contest, which called for stories of "Mine Own People," were published in last week's issue of The Outlook. This is one of the letters which failed to win a prize, but which certainly deserves publication.—THE EDITORS.

THE little city—12,000 inhabitants—where I happened to be summoned to work seventeen or eighteen years ago was called "the toughest town in the Valley." It had more than sixty saloons, and a saloon morale. Its politics were bad, influenced by notoriously contemptible political habits. There were mean prides, jealousies, clique habits, insularity, and a hundred other more or less mentionable things.

My job was newspapering. I could be one of the crowd, or I could seem to set myself above my environment, scorning it—an attitude of some very good and reputable people. I soon had no regular job. I became a free lance. The Outlook helped me live occasionally. Other magazines, newspapers, trade journals, and even book work were sources of an often slender income. I was, however, independent. No man could come to me and say he could take away my job if I called a notorious politician by his actions, or if I described the conditions that existed.

This, then, I could and did do. I gave, roughly speaking, two or three hours a day to public work. I called public work anything that would help raise the morale of the community. In the course of this work I headed off—for a little while—in some measure a great water power grabbing scheme. In another measure I was active in stopping stealing from State timber lands. In a third measure I helped good candidates against mere tools or worse.

Sometimes it seemed as though the work wasn't worth doing. Why should I bother when the very people whose consciences I awakened in public matters hated me for it? Why should I demand that the city dump-cart job go to the lowest bidder? Why should I care if the local schoolboy fraternities were notorious holes, where beer and, worse, carousing went on? They laughed at my enthusiasm; but shortly the fraternities went out of business, and I see those boys, men grown now, doing good business, stalwart men of the community.

I'm no preacher, not a missionary, don't even go to church; but both my sons found their own church, and joined it the same day, 11 and 13 years of age. Their mother left a church to go with them into the new one, because the conditions in her church were insufferable

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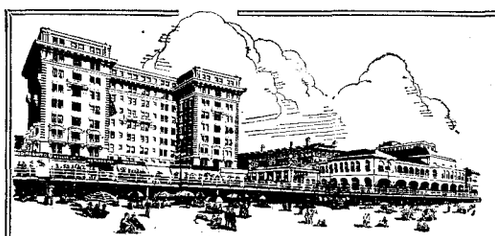

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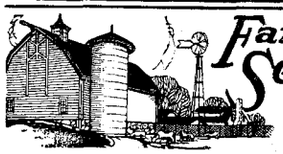

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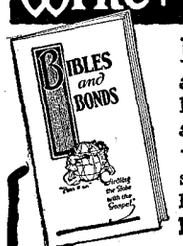

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PLACEMENT BUREAU for employer and employee: housekeepers, matrons, dietitians, governesses, secretaries, mother's helpers, attendants. 51 Trowbridge St., Cambridge, Mass.

WANTED—Teachers all subjects. Good vacancies in schools and colleges. International Musical and Educational Agency, Carnegie Hall, N. Y.

FOR THE HOME

HONEY—Wholesome and delicious new buckwheat honey direct from producer. Warranted pure and clean. Children enjoy honey sandwiches. 10 pounds $1.80, 5 pounds $1.00, postage prepaid. Zones 1, 2, 3. Herbert A. McCallum, Great Barrington, Mass.

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COOKING for PROFIT. Earn hands income; home cooked food, catering, room, etc. Correspondence course. School Home Economics, Chicago.

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WE are told that many people read little advertisement week after week an last write for samples. Why not do it instead of waiting longer. 200 sheets n paper and 100 envelopes printed with y name and address $1.50. Lewis, 284 Sec Ave., Troy, N. Y.

HIGH class business printing. Letterhe and office stationery our specialty. Ev order will receive our personal attention. "Vidette," Columbus Grove, Ohio.

HELP WANTED

Professional Situations

WANTED, for Bernardsville, N. J registered trained nurse for rural dist nursing. A fully furnished house, light, h telephone, and transportation provic Salary $125 per month. One month's v tion a year with salary. Nurse must housekeeper, who may be relative, friend servant. There is also a vacancy for an in welfare nurse. Please reply to Visiting Nu Association of Somerset Hills, P. O. Box Far Hills, N. J.

Companions and Domestic Helpe

WANTED—Companion-secretary. Chic in winter, New Hampshire in summ Must be interested and willing to help w vegetable and flower gardens. Perman position. In reply state experience, re ences, and salary expected. 433, Outlook.

WANTED — Working housekeeper to cooking only. Must be experienced and w ing. Salary $80. Wanted also, moth helper to do chamber work, sewing, and h in care of three children. Salary $60. country New Hampshire all the year. Refi home with all modern conveniences, incl ing electric stove. No servants need apj Prefer ladies who have had their own hon In reply state experience, age, give re ences. 434, Outlook.

WANTED—Dietitian in large State hosp in the West. One with experience preferr Good salary and full maintenance. Applica will please furnish photograph. 468, Outlo

WORKING housekeeper for family of th in apartment on Beacon Hill, Boston. G home and wages for right person. No wa ing. References. 472, Outlook.

MOTHER'S assistant or nursery govern to take care of baby two years old. St salary expected. 475, Outlook.

YOUNG woman wanted by or before Oc ber 20 to care for three children (3, 5, an years) and their rooms. Experience unnec sary, or will take experienced person. T other refined American help kept. No s vants need apply. Regular time off. Refi home, every consideration. New York C winter, country summer. Excellent ref ences required. Write, stating salary desir 457, Outlook.

Teachers and Governesses

WANTED — An experienced teacher Latin and French in secondary school whites in lower South. Salary $1,000 a board. Term begins Sept. 21. 396, Outloo

WANTED, ABOUT DEC. 1, NURSE GOVERNESS for two little boys (aged 6 a 1½ years respectively) in professor's fam moving South. Will spend 8 months in sm university town in Alabama, 4 summ months in New England. Communicate w Mrs. Edmund G. Howe before October 10 314 Collins St., Hartford, Conn., after th date Box 436, Tuscaloosa, Ala.

EXPERIENCED nursery governess assist in care and training three children 6, 4. Two older children attend day scho Near Boston. References required. No hou work. State wages. 418, Outlook.

WANTED—Governess for boy of eight a girl of five. Country home about 100 mi from Detroit on Lake Huron. Hand wo French, and music desirable, but not sential. Character and personality importa References exchanged. 467, Outlook.

GOVERNESS for girl six years old, Phi delphia suburbs. Desires educated and fined young woman. 452, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Professional Situations

ASSOCIATE for girl or woman (Prote ant) whose case requires individual stu and attention. Specially interested in corre ing mental mal-adjustments. 423, Outlook

TRAINED nurse-companion-secretary sires position with refined person. Willi to travel, either here or abroad. Addre Trained Nurse, 2319 Stuart Ave., Richmon Va.

NURSE, Scotch, 7 years' reference, Pr estant, well trained and competent, go seamstress, desires care of infant or you child. Jane Lindsay, Rydal, Pa. Telepho Ogontz 756 (near Philadelphia).

REGISTERED nurse wants public heal position, visiting, school, or industrial. $ with maintenance. 459, Outlook.

Business Situations

CAPABLE stenographer wishes work country or quiet place, not necessarily ste graphic work. 441, Outlook.

SECRETARY, college graduate, five yea experience in bookkeeping, stenograph correspondence, etc. Good references. 4 Outlook.

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THE TOUGHEST TOWN IN THE VALLEY (*Continued*)

for a woman trying to help along in her own way.

We helped carry the city, to every one's astonishment, for woman suffrage in the decisive New York State campaign. We lost the city two to one in a fight against liquor; but saw the Nation go dry. I have defeated men for office oftener than elected them to office. Utterly independent, known as a "wild man," and erratic, unstable, and all the rest; yet I passed the word that elected a good mayor, have waged hopeless political campaigns, and saw long afterwards my ideals realized in later conditions.

Suffragist, prohibitionist, Progressive, Republican, usually independent, supporting Roosevelt locally, not big enough for State effects, yet by a third of a column exposing a scheme that killed a man's chances for Governor under a Barnes-Sherman-Bossy scheme, I've found Mine Own People good and satisfactory to live among. Had they been better people, I should have had less work to do. Had they been better than I am, unquestionably I should have been much better than I am now, or can hope ever to be.

All I want is to see the right, to do it. A man can try to do that anywhere. I've been threatened with assassination, warned I'd be sent to jail, arrested for abating a nuisance—fact! but acquitted and nuisance stayed abated—but more and more we mutually understand. In many ways my neighbors are better than I am. I do learn much from them. Also, I hear them say the things I thought ten or fifteen years ago.

The fact is, probably, I think a lot more of my neighbors than they do of me, for I'm rather uncomfortable with whom to live in the same town. I hurt their feelings; they hurt mine; but mostly we're all of us a sight better than we used to be, and our children are going to be better yet!

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FRIENDS' GENERAL CONFERENCE
140 N. 15th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Business Situations

ECRETARY—Young woman with several ars' experience in secretarial work of trust l responsibility wishes permanent position. ailable October 15. References. 455, Outlook.

ompanions and Domestic Helpers

OUSEKEEPER, managing—Settled, exienced, assist general light duties; no oking; good practical nurse; fitted for t-class home position. References. 470, tlook.

OUNG woman, refined family, desires ition in congenial ranch home as comion to small children or young wife and ist with housework. 471, Outlook.

ANTED—Entire charge of young mother- s children in private family (Protestant) young woman of refinement. Address M. eresa Stacey, 40 Park Place, Geneva, N. Y.

OMAN, proprietor and manager of 100 m high class summer hotel, desires posin for winter. Preferably in South. Has well-trained cooks. 482, Outlook.

OMAN of refinement and education de- s position as secretary-companion to lady couple. Willing to travel. Best of creden- ls. Address Mrs. Marguerite Phillips, arlotte, Mich.

ADY with ample leisure and wide experi- e in the management of larger or smaller seholds, desires position as visiting house- per, companion or secretary in New York y. 355, Outlook.

ITUATION as care taker in country home. Outlook.

LERGYMAN'S DAUGHTER desires ition as MOTHER'S HELPER or USEHOLD ASSISTANT. Excellent refnces. 438, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers

HOSTESS or housekeeper in club, or housemother in boys' or girls' school. 460, Outlook.

CULTURED New England woman to care for gentleman's home or chaperon young lady. Best of references. 461, Outlook.

NURSE, companion, experienced traveler; can manage domestic help. Cheerful. Excellent references. Miss Sarah H. Cole, Box 65, Amenia Union, N. Y.

CHAPERON—Refined lady, capable taking full charge. Highest references. 464, Outlook.

WANTED.—Experienced woman wishes position as working housekeeper for business women, widower, or companion to semi-invalid. No objection to children. 448, Outlook.

YOUNG lady, educated in Paris, speaking French, graduate of the Brearly School, two years and a half experience, desires position as secretary-companion to lady or chaperon to young girl. Would tutor children from five to eleven. Highest references given. Traveling or near New York preferred. 451, Outlook.

EDUCATED, refined American Protestant widow desires position as companion, chaperon, or nurse semi-invalid. Accustomed to travel. 479, Outlook.

PRESENT employer desires to place expert housekeeper of high character. Experienced, reliable, capable of managing large or small establishment. 480, Outlook.

MOTHER'S assistant where maid is kept—children or not. 481, Outlook.

REFINED woman, seamstress, assist light housework. Reasonable. 484, Outlook.

YOUNG woman desires position as companion or governess for children with refined family. Protestant. References. 474, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers

WANTED—Position as companion in cultured family. Will assist with housekeeping if desired. 454, Outlook.

CATERING HOUSEKEEPER in girls' school by woman of education, who is proprietor and manager of small high class summer hotel. Would bring own, well-trained cooks. Has two young daughters to educate, who are at present attending private day school. 483, Outlook.

Teachers and Governesses

YOUNG man, experienced in child caring institution, settlement work, case work, and teaching, desires executive position in home for boys. Best references. 341, Outlook.

WANTED—College or normal school teaching or administrative position. Experience offered: Education—A.B., A.M., Phi Beta Kappa; successful work as educational executive; teaching experience in higher schools; much practice in public speaking; successful work as business administrator. Address 462, Outlook.

TUTORS—Two gentlemen, Manhattan residents, twelve years' teaching experience, will tutor backward or advanced pupils. Grammar or high school subjects. Individual or classes. 465, Outlook.

ENGLISHMAN and wife (American), many years' experience of boarding and day schools, offer their services as principals to first-class private school. Immediate engagement desired. Personal interview. Capable of big undertaking. Highest references. Apply, preferably by wire, 478, Outlook.

DAILY governess or mother's helper. Elderly woman desires care child, part time. References. 485, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

BOOKKEEPING self-taught in a week. "Dukes' Columnar Bookkeeping," postpaid $2. Newton A. Dukes, Box 13, Fox St. Station, New York.

BOYS wanted. 500 boys wanted to sell The Outlook each week. No investment necessary. Write for selling plan, Carrier Department, The Outlook Company, 381 Fourth Ave., New York City.

MISS Guthman, New York shopper, will send things on approval. No samples. References. 309 West 99th St.

AUTO camping outfit for sale. Used three weeks. For particulars address 424, Outlook.

TRUNKS, bags, suitcases. Why pay two middlemen profits? Buy from factory direct. Send for free catalog. Monarch Trunk Factory, Spring Valley, Ill.

BOARDING school for boys. Scholarship materially reducing cost of board and tuition for services in office and library. Applicants must be over fifteen years of age and must furnish testimonials of good character and scholarship. Address 456, Outlook.

OLD subscriber to The Outlook has an almost unbroken series of copies of The Outlook running through a period of many years and she would like to dispose of them at a moderate price. Also the pictures "Wide Awake" and "Fast Asleep," which many years ago were given as a premium with a subscription to The Christian Union. All in good condition. Address Mrs. C. W. Dubendorff, Box 72, Myton, Utah.

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We have pleasure in announcing the resumption of our special New York - Mediterranean Fall and Winter sailings.

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BY THE WAY

A SCOTCH cabman, according to the London "Sunday Express," was driving an American sightseer around Edinburgh. He stopped suddenly, and, with a wave of his whip, announced: "That is John Knox's house." "Who is John Knox?" asked the American. The cabman was dumfounded. After a pause he blurted out: "But, do ye never read your Bible, mon?"

The story of the patriotic Greek prisoner of classic times, who burned his hand off in the fire to show his fortitude when asked by his captors to betray his country, is matched, though in a different way, by a modern instance in Japan told about in a recent book. The Japanese patriot was a criminal condemned to be hanged, just at the outbreak of the war with Russia. He had hoarded two yen while awaiting his fate. The jailer urged him to spend them in a final feast. Instead, he declared that he would leave them to help the Government which had decreed his death!

The literary methods of Strindberg, the Swedish author, are described in a book called "Strindberg the Man." "All the long afternoon and evening," the novelist declares, "I walk about gathering material for the next day's work. During my morning walk my thoughts are being further condensed, and when I return I am fully charged like an electric machine. After having put on dry clothes—for I always get into a perspiration—I sit down here at my writing table. As soon as I have paper ready, it breaks loose. The words literally swamp me, and the pen works under high pressure to get it all on the paper. When I have written for a while, I have a feeling as though I soared in space. Then it seems as if a higher will than my own caused the pen to glide over the paper and made it record words which appear to me as pure inspiration."

The five-year-old had found a kitten, "Harper's Magazine" tells us. After keeping it a day he named it "Mary." "How did you find out that it was a 'girl cat'?" his grandmother asked. "Well," replied William, "I watched her, and she washed her face, and she washed her ears, and she washed behind her ears, and nobody but a girl cat would wash *behind* her ears."

Apropos of the uniform of Scotch regiments, spoken of recently in this column, a subscriber writes: "No Scot would enlist if not permitted to wear a kilt. The British Government on the ground of economy wanted to abolish it. But the Scots would not stand for it. A kilt of khaki cloth was worn during the war, and the 'ladies from hell,' as the Huns called them, did great service. The privilege of wearing the kilt, however, is not granted to all Scotch troops. For instance, the Glasgow regiments and the Borderers wear the tartan trews (trousers). A picture I inclose shows three Scots wearing a khaki apron over the plaided kilt. Two of these men were killed in the war; the third was so badly wounded in the face that now he cannot eat anything but porridge—no hardship to a Scot, as he cheerfully says."

As a further example of "bi-lingual Shakespeare" (see Outlook, August 17, p. 628), a reader says: "Almost half a century ago I heard 'Macbeth' given by Edwin Booth in English and by Mme. Janaushek in German. *"Und wenn geht er hin?"* (And when goes he hence?), Act I, Scene 5, as Janaushek spoke it in her deep tone, seemed to me the most impressive utterance I ever heard."

Mme. Janaushek, some readers of the above paragraph will recall, was a native of Prague, Bohemia, and in her later appearances in the United States spoke in English, although with a somewhat marked accent. She outlived the period when great actors and actresses made tragedy popular, and died in poverty in Brooklyn.

At the summer festival at Stratford-on-Avon this year an example of bi-lingual Shakespearean rendition was given. A veteran Dutch actor, Louis Bouwmeester, played Shylock in his native tongue, supported by a new Shakespeare Company in English. "Mr. Bouwmeester's lines, of course," says the critic of the Manchester "Sunday Chronicle," "were double Dutch to ninety-nine per cent of his audience, but the crowded house rose to him as though people were following every word. His epileptic fit after Jessica's flight carried no conviction, but his rendering had many clever features."

Vienna, whose trade has suffered severely from post-war conditions, has one concern whose activity has vastly increased, according to the Vienna paper called "Reconstruction." This is the State Printing Office, whose facilities have been taxed to print not only the enormous quantities of Austrian paper money, but the postage stamps for many of the newly constituted states of Central Europe. This printing plant is one of the largest in the world. Its foreign types make possible, it is said, the printing of books in 608 different languages and dialects, among them being included fonts in the American Indian Micmac tongue, whose alphabet requires no less than five thousand different types.

Nearly twenty-five hundred automobiles have been stolen in New York City during the last six months. Fords lead with over a thousand in this list, but nearly all known makes of cars are included. "The automobile thief," says the "Herald," is as thoroughly organized as if he carried a union card in his pocket and paid dues. The only difference between him and other skilled craftsmen is that he never goes on strike." The method of these pirates is to steal a car and drive to a so-called private garage, where the car is stored and repainted and a new number plate put on. As long as the car remains in the garage no one can touch it without a warrant, and the car is often sold as a bargain to an innocent purchaser.

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